

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

JULY 1949

IN THIS ISSUE

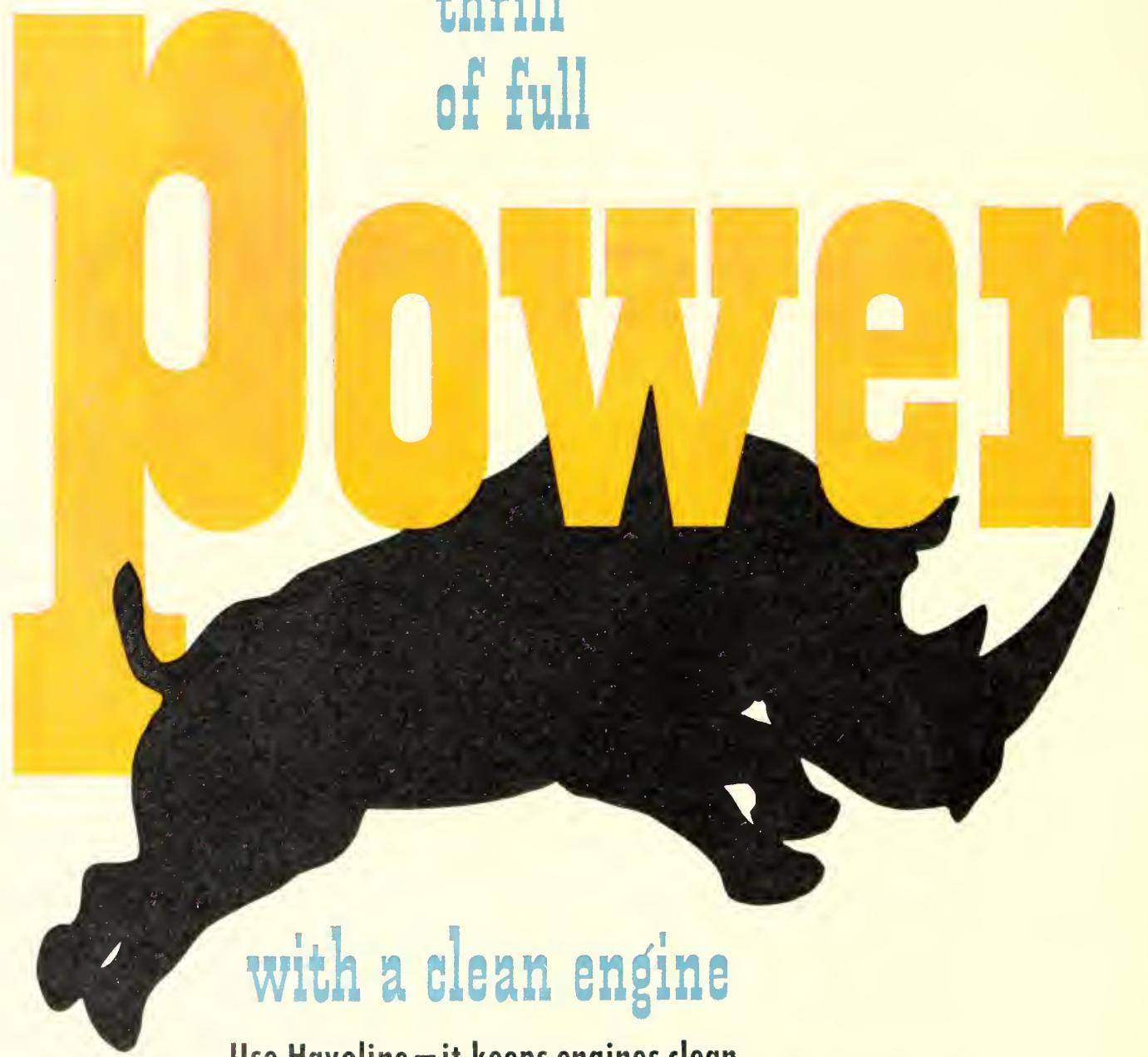
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YOUR BENEFITS... PAGE 14

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CAN RUSSIA OUTLAST US? PAGE 11



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thrill
of full



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Often we hear comments on the courtesy of telephone people and we are mighty glad to have them.

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Vol. 47
No. 1 THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE
July 1949

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Please notify the Circulation Department, Publications Division, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address, using form 225 which you will secure from your Postmaster. Be sure to cut off the address label on your magazine and paste it in the space provided. Always give your 1949 membership card number and both your new and your old address.



Tim Henry's cover man, coming back from the refreshment stand, is going to have a little trouble, you think. As in so many similar cases, the melting cream is so disconcerting that popo has no thought for the underfooting. That could have embarrassing consequences—if, for instance, he should take a tumble. We and Mr. Henry, however, are optimistic about his chances of getting through safely to his waving youngsters.

PICTURE CREDITS: Esther Bubley, 15; Three Lions, International News Photos, PIX, 16-17; Tom Carew, Wide World, 22-23; H. Armstrong Roberts, Philip Gendreau, 24-25; Barbara Peerless, 28; Kosti Ruohomaa from Black Star, 52.

Goose? or Nest?

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

For some reason, the goose egg stands for zero . . . nothing.

The nest egg, however, stands for a tidy sum of money, set aside for your own or your children's future.

It's hardly necessary to ask you which you'd prefer.

But it *is* necessary to ask *yourself* what you are doing to make sure you *don't* end up with a goose egg instead of a nest egg ten years from now.

The simple, easy, and obvious thing to do is to buy U. S. Savings Bonds.

Buy them regularly, automatically, on a

plan that pays for them out of the month-to-month income you make today.

Millions of Americans have adopted this practically painless way to save up a nice nest egg for the needs and wants of the future.

In 10 years they get back \$40 for every \$30 invested in U. S. Savings Bonds—bonds as safe and solid as the Statue of Liberty.

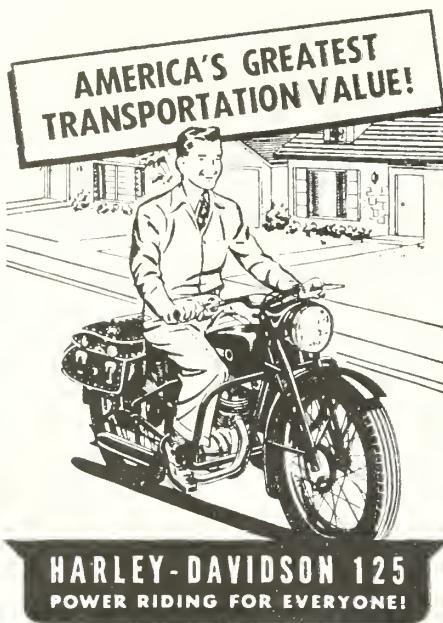
There's a special Savings Bond Plan for *you*. Ask your employer or banker about it today . . . and get started now.

You'll soon realize that buying U. S. Savings Bonds *regularly* is one of the most important and comforting things you ever did!

Automatic saving is sure saving - U.S. Savings Bonds



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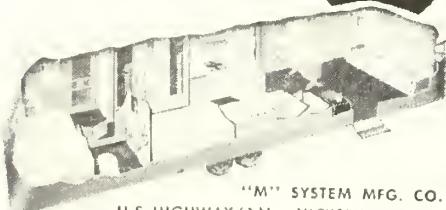
HARLEY-DAVIDSON 125 POWER RIDING FOR EVERYONE!

Low cost? Yes, indeed! Owners report 90 miles and more per gallon! Easy to handle? You bet! You can learn to ride in a few minutes! Parking? Set it anywhere. Dependable? Perfectly. So light, so well-balanced, so easy to start, steer, and stop that anyone can ride it safely. Practical? It's *ideal* for riding to factory, office, school; visiting, doing errands. Fun? Just picture yourself heading for picnics, ball games, enjoying the outdoors! Can you try it? Just phone or see your dealer. He'll be glad to give you a FREE ride!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
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This is "M" System's SUBURBANITE, a 33' all-aluminum residential coach, large enough for a family of six. There are two bedrooms; shower room and toilet; large kitchen with range, electric refrigerator and water heater. A spacious living room provides an upholstered davenport that can be extended to a double bed. Anywhere you want to take it, your family will be cozy and comfortable the year 'round. This is life as thousands of care-free Americans live it . . . and love it! Investigate the economics and modern conveniences of trailer coach living. The SUBURBANITE and other models by "M" System, the nation's leader in mobile architecture are described in CATALOG L-49.



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Previews OF PRODUCTS INVENTIONS IDEAS



A sampling of products which are in process of development or are coming on the market.

PREVENTS SCRATCHES ON FURNITURE. Table tops can be protected from unsightly scratches resulting from the rough bases of lamps, ashtrays and other bric-a-brac with an ingenious product called Ric-O-Bac made by J. B. Dawn Products, Chicago, and distributed by Ben L. Miraglia, 999 Stuyvesant Ave., Irvington, N. J. It is a felt cushion cut in narrow strips, one edge of which is straight and the other scalloped. The scalloping permits it to be applied to rounded objects, and it is easily fastened with thumb pressure. A package of Ric-O-Bac contains six strips, each of which is six inches long, and four packages cost a dollar.



QUICK CHANGE FOR BABY. Moisture-proofing is built right into a new kind of baby panties being made by Miller Art Mfg. Co., 1370 Broadway, New York. The garments are made of soft knitted cotton lined with lightweight Vinylite to assure complete protection. Designed for greater ease in dressing, it takes only a minute to snap a baby into the garment and half that time to change a diaper. Two styles are available, and they will retail for \$1.95 and \$2.95.

PERSONALIZE YOUR CAR. An attractive car accessory, invented by Legionnaire Michael B. Warner, of Skokie, Ill., is the Autogram, a monogram plate which can be mounted quickly on any automobile. The plate, made of triple plate chrome, holds three gold-on-black embossed initials which are corrosion and tarnish proof. Made by Autogram, Inc., 3243 N. Pulaski Rd., Chicago, the accessory retails for \$1.95 complete.

TO AVOID FOUL ARGUMENTS. An electric "umpire" which specializes in calling bowling fouls will soon be marketed by the General Electric Company. Developed by engineers of the G-E Control Divisions, the device makes use of the "electric eye" principle to indicate when and on what alley a foul has been made. The device consists of a light source and a photoelectric cell mounted at floor level on opposite sides of the alley at the foul line. Whenever the light is interrupted by a foot slipping across the line, a bell or buzzer sounds and a light shows the alley where the foul occurred. An interesting feature of the detector is its ability to "recognize" the bowling ball so that the foul signal is not activated as the ball passes the foul line.



PAINTING MADE EASY. An interesting adaptation of the principle employed in insecticide sprayers is utilized in a line of paint which comes in self-spraying containers. Now, to do your painting, you merely turn a valve and the paint comes out of the pressure-packed cans. According to the manufacturer, Sprayon, Inc., 1360 W. 9th St., Cleveland, no brush, mixing or special equipment is necessary. The line includes high lustre enamels in ten colors, plus several plastic finishes for special purposes. A container of the enamel—volume of contents not specified by the manufacturer—sells for \$2.95.

SHUTTERBUG DEPT. E. Leitz, Inc., makers of the well known Leica camera, have come up with a device for making photographic slides which does almost everything but select the pictures. Called the Bindomat it permits correct mounting, convenient lining-up and rapid binding of both 35 mm. and 2 1/4-inch square transparencies with a minimum of handling and effort. Slots hold the glass slides containing the film to be bound. Tape is fed from a roll at one end, moving through a channel to the point where it binds the slides. The finished job can be checked in an illuminated viewer. Available at camera stores, the Bindomat sells for \$18.50, complete with 100 glasses, 100 metalized masks and tape for 120 slides.

ANOTHER LOOK AT THE ROAD. Legionnaire Robert Stortz, Jr., once almost had a head-on collision because the car ahead of his obstructed his view. Because of this he invented what he calls the Passing Eye, an attractive two-mirror instrument mounted on an arm which is clamped on the outside top of the driver's door. In operation, the outside mirror catches a view of the oncoming lane of traffic and reflects this image to the inner mirror which is angled for easy viewing by the driver. The Passing Eye can be mounted in a few minutes and requires no hole boring. Manufactured by Passing Eye Inc., Kenosha, Wis., the device sells for \$5.95.



MOLD YOUR OWN PLASTICS. If you want to experiment with plastics or turn out short runs of plastic products, a new low-cost molding machine to handle Bakelite styrene is being offered by Plastics Development Corp., 225 Lafayette St., New York. Designed for use with a drill press, it has standard heating elements, thermostatically controlled, with range from 250 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit. The machine is 10 inches high, weighs only two pounds, has a three-inch stroke and is ready for immediate use. The manufacturer also sells the molding materials and experimental lead dies. The molder retails for \$39.50.



WHEN YOU GIVE YOUR GARDEN A DRINK. To insure that lawns and gardens get the right amount of water, an unusual gadget called the Moistr-Meter has been developed by Garden Specialties Co., 343 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. It consists of a probe to tell the depth to which moisture has penetrated, and when the desired depth has been reached a flag is elevated. The user can set the probe for whatever depth he wishes, but for the average lawn the correct depth is three inches. To use, the lower end of the flag pole is pushed into the earth. The flag is then pushed to the bottom of the pole. This compresses the flag-raising spring. The spring tries to push the flag up but the probe holds it down. When water penetrates deeply enough the moistened soil allows the probe to slip out, making the flag pop up. It will retail for \$1.50.

AID TO PRECISION SHOOTING. Marksmen will be interested in an ingenious little instrument which tells at a glance just where their bullets strike the target. Called the Eze-Scorer, the device consists of a bullet-like pin micrometer tested to ten-thousandths of an inch, mounted in a 1 1/4-inch unbreakable plastic magnifier. When the gauge is inserted in the bullet hole it shows the most minute contact with the target ring of higher value. Officially adopted by the National Rifle Association for all rifle and pistol shooting tournaments, Eze-Scorer is made by Rig Products Co., Oregon 25, Ill., and comes in a self-polishing pouch for \$2.00. Calibers available are .22, .38 and .45.

THAT BETTER MOUSETRAP. Remember the famous saying about the world beating a path to the door of the man who invents a better mousetrap? You can start beating the path. A Ft. Worth inventor named Uttz has devised a trap to end all mousetraps. It is made of aluminum, and is so constructed that it will not snap down on your fingers when you are baiting it, and the trapped mouse can be removed without handling. Available in hardware and department stores, it is being manufactured by Gerity-Michigan Corp., Adrian, Mich. It sells for 39¢.



DRY CLEAN YOUR HANDS. A way of getting grease, oil, paint, ink, etc., off your hands without soap and water is offered by Cadie Chemical Products, Inc., 549 W. 132nd St., New York, in their Cadie Hand Cleansing Cloth. A cleansing preparation is impregnated in the cloth and its action is such that the hands are left soft and smooth. Packed in an oilcloth pouch, it sells for 50¢.

MORE LIGHT FROM SMALLER LAMP. A new 150-watt incandescent light bulb only the size of a pre-war 100-watt has been announced by Westinghouse. Containing a highly efficient double coiled filament, the new bulb now makes it possible to get more light out of fixtures which can accommodate only small-sized bulbs. The 150-watt bulb is almost an inch shorter and a quarter-inch slimmer than the old bulb which it replaces. Its development is in line with a trend toward smaller light bulbs which started ten years ago.

J. C. K.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items mentioned here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine

Isotropic Wins

Most major golf tournaments this year have been won with revolutionary Wilson Isotropic constructed golf balls.



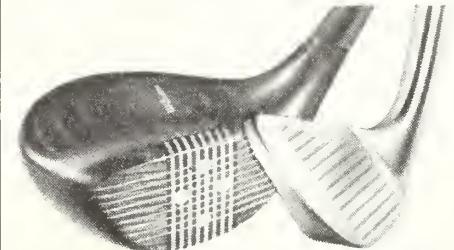
The stars of the nation's big-money golf circuit can afford to use only golf balls unsurpassed for distance ... *unerring in flight and roll*. Revolutionary Wilson Isotropic built balls meet their most exacting demands. This is evidenced by the fact that MOST major tournaments this year* have been won by players using these balls.

Sam Snead, Lloyd Mangrum, Cary Middlecoff, Gene Sarazen and Skip Alexander are among the many stars who play only these remarkable Wilson balls. For new Isotropic thrills, ask for Wilson Top Notch balls at your pro's shop; Wilson K-28 at leading sporting goods and department stores.

* * *

Players mentioned above are members of the famous Wilson Advisory Staff — also use only Wilson Strata-Bloc woods and Wilson Precision-Built irons — America's finest golf clubs.

*To press time of this publication.



And remember — matched and registered Wilson Strata-Bloc woods and Precision Built irons (with Wilson patented Reminder-Gruv-Grip) give better club control — greater accuracy. There are no finer clubs.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)
Branch offices in New York, San Francisco
and other principal cities

IT'S **Wilson**
TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Who's A Foreigner?

While I'm waiting for a haircut a couple of days ago, Slim Hartman lets slip with a crack about those "foreigners" who recently moved in, down by the depot.

"Now wait a minute, Slim," snaps Doc Sherman. "Don't forget we're all 'foreigners' more or less. Some of our families have simply been here *longer* than others. But even if they came over on the Mayflower, they were foreigners to the Indians."

Slim gets a little red and you could see that Doc had him. "And the reason they came here," he goes on, "was to find freedom to do and think as they wanted to, just so long as they didn't tramp on any of the rights of the other fellow."

From where I sit, America became the great land it is today through our being tolerant of different people and different tastes—whether it's a taste for square dancing or waltzing, radio or movies, goat's milk or a temperate glass of sparkling beer.

Joe Marsh

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VETERANS, TAKE NOTICE

We will say one thing about National Commander Perry Brown's article on page 14, *The Growing Attack on Veterans' Benefits*:

Read it.

PHILADELPHIA, CONVENTION CITY

Philadelphians may raise their eyebrows at our selection of Harry A. Franck to write *The City Where the Fourth Was Born* (page 24), our editorial bow to this year's National Convention site. Major Franck is a self-styled vagabond who likes to wander through jungles, over remote mountain passes and into inaccessible corners of Dark Areas. His long list of travel books includes such titles as *Vagabonding Down the Andes*, *North From Patagonia*, *East of Siam*, *The Fringe of the Moslem World*, etc., etc. He has been around a bit, has "seen the eagle and hearn the owl." His wife, Rachel, has confined her literary effort to *I Married a Vagabond*.

But, so help us, we don't mean to suggest that Philadelphia is one of the world's Uncexplored Spots. It just happens that the Franks, who hang their hats in New Hope, Pa., when not rambling, know the Quaker City pretty well too.

Ineidentally Franck is organizing a safari to and through South Afrlea (Zululand, Capetown, the Kimberley Mines, Kruger National Park, Victoria Falls, Durban and so on). Safari leaves New York September 8, returns November 17. A few spots are still open for more travelers. Thomas Cook & Son handles the details and the fee is \$3.500.

JUNIOR IS BIG

We have a quiz for you on page 20. Behind the quiz is a story much too big to tell in this space. But here's a little of it:

From 1921 to 1925 baseball was on the decline among our youth while delinquency was increasing, says Frank L. Sich, of Sidney L. Smith Post of Aberdeen, South Dakota. In the summer of 1925, at the South Dakota Department Convention, the late Major John L. Griffith urged a Legion program of athletics-for-youth. The Department Americanism Committee took up the suggestion and proposed baseball. Sich drew up plans for leagues, districts and tournaments which eventually grew into the present Legion Junior Baseball program—but not before Legionnaires in many other States had fought for Junior's creation and survival. Turn to page 20 and look at Junior now.

IS HANK JOKING?

We know all those loyal Legionnaires who are ear-dealers will forgive us for

Hank Felsen's Who Wants a Car? (page 18). He's talking about those other car dealers and besides he's only joking. Or is he?

To tell the truth we thought the whole thing was one big rib when we had the article set in type, but now we aren't so sure. Hank sent us the photo below proving, at least, that he really has a 1937 Terraplane. That's Hank in front.



Felsen and tired Terraplane

AVOIDING POLIO

Summer is coming, and with all its blessings it brings one shadow. With the hot months the incidence of infantile paralysis increases. Just how poliomyelitis spreads is not yet known, so the general rules to avoid this crippler are basically those same rules which make good sense in terms of avoiding any contagious disease. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis presents the following message to parents, if polio hits your area this year:

Avoid crowds and new contacts in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where you may be close to another's breath or cough.

Avoid over-fatigue. Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

Avoid swimming in water which has not been declared *safe* by your health department.

Avoid chilling. Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

Keep clean. Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

Call Your Doctor at once if there are symptoms of headache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

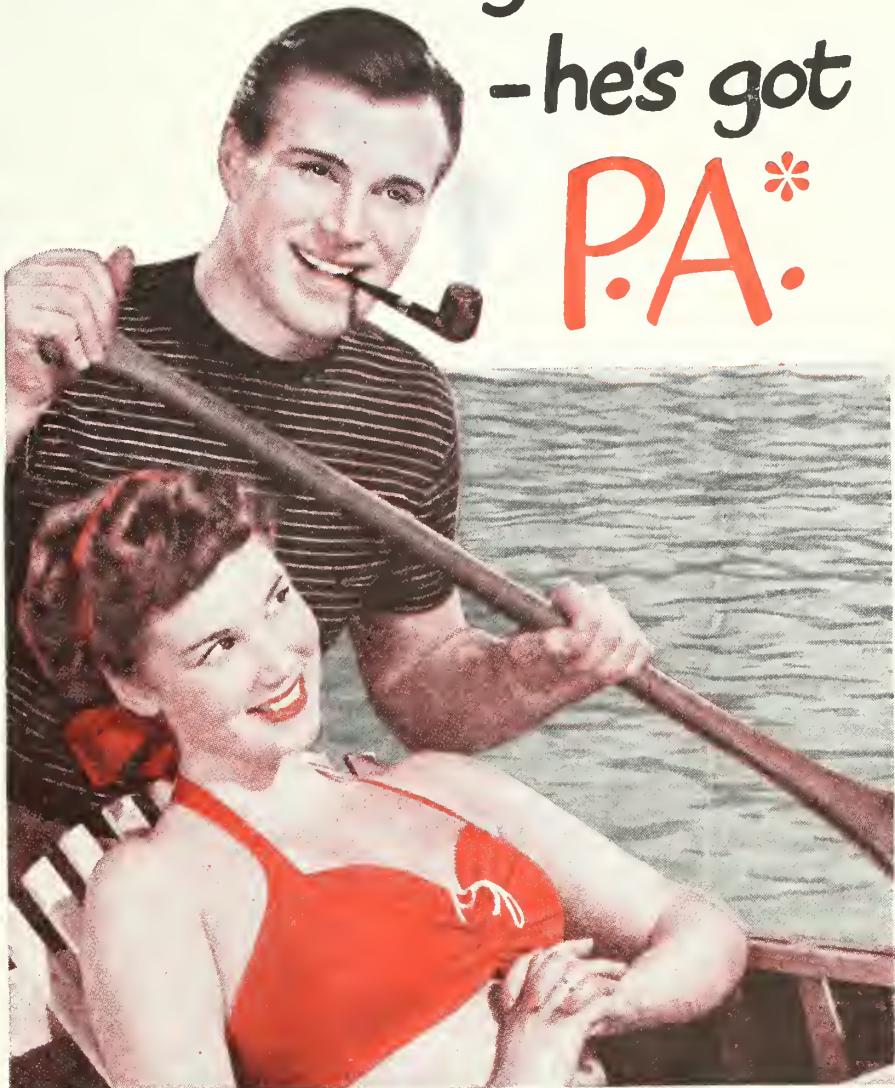
Take His Advice if he orders hospital care; early diagnosis and prompt treatment are important and may prevent crippling.

Consult Your Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for help. Your Chapter (see local telephone book or health department for address) is prepared to pay that part of the cost of care and treatment you cannot meet — including transportation, after-care and such aids as wheelchairs, braces and other orthopedic equipment. This service is made possible by the March of Dimes.

He's on the right course

-he's got

P.A.*

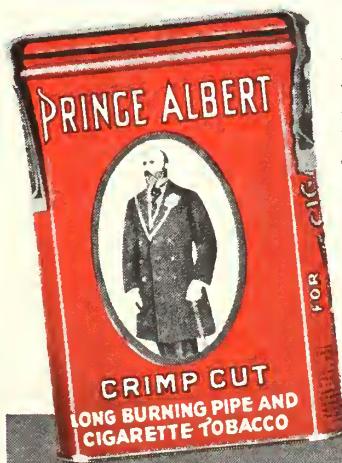


means Pipe Appeal

P.A.*

Most any woman will tell you that the man who smokes a pipe has an extra-masculine attractiveness!

means Prince Albert



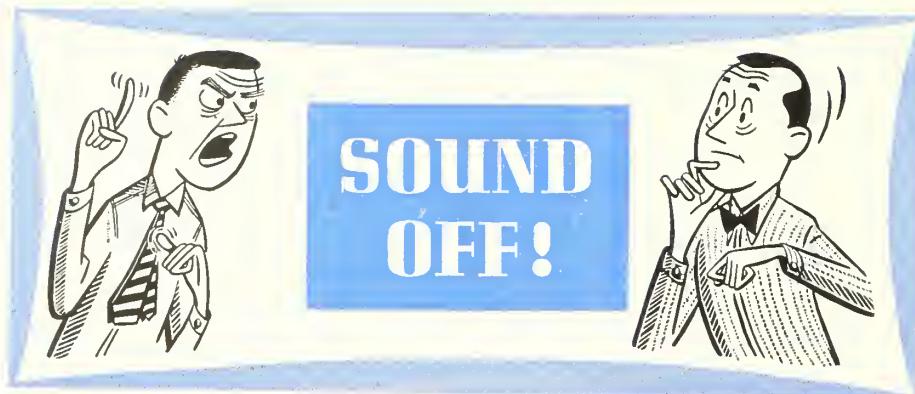
- You're "on the right course" for real smoking joy when you pack your pipe with Prince Albert. Choice, crimp cut tobacco . . . mild, rich-tasting! Specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Get P.A.—and see why it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

"P.A.'S FAMOUS CRIMP CUT
MAKES IT EASY TO ROLL
A FINE CIGARETTE!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



The National Joy Smoke



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letter short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

"ON BEING AN AMERICAN"

In regard to the Letter *On Being An American* (May issue) Martha Marlowe states she cannot understand why people when asked their nationality, answer "German," "Irish," "Norwegian," etc. She thinks they should say "American."

I would like to ask one question.

Why does any American go around asking any other American what his nationality is? To me this is like asking for the hi-sign. Does a Frenchman in France ask another Frenchman what nationality he is? Do the Italians do this in Italy? Or is it just a silly habit we have in America to find out if we come from what we think is a better background than the person we ask?

When anybody asks me what nationality I am I say "German" because I assume the person knows I'm an American and he is really intending to ask from which country my great-grandparents came.

My solution to this grave situation is this: Stop asking people superfluous questions. We know what we are—Americans.

Mrs. Conrad F. Geres
West Allis, Wisconsin

CALIFORNIA CALLING

After reading many articles in the Legion Magazine about our comrades who are suffering from asthma, arthritis and many other ailments, we take pride in reminding all veterans that Post 469, Yucca Valley, California, is situated in the heart of the Desert area which is highly recommended as a healthy climate for those suffering from the above mentioned ailments. We of Post 469 are ready and willing at all times to assist any veteran in locating in this general area. We hope to hear from many of our comrades.

William W. Putnam
Publicity Chairman
Post 469, Yucca Valley, Calif.

CARNIVALS—PRO AND CON

The story entitled *Step This Way, Sucker* published in May 1949 issue of the magazine is one of the finest articles on the subject I have ever read, and it is

nival business today, decent, honest, upright people, whose character will be in doubt from the effects of your sucker story. I am only interested in protecting fellow Legionnaires from lowbrow people.

Charles A. Minzer
St. Louis, Mo.

▼ From our letter to Legionnaire Minzer: ". . . If the carnival business is not of the type that Mr. MacDougall says, we suggest that you have some persons connected with it prove Mickey is off base. After all, we want to be fair. But we know that what he says about carnivals has been true in many instances right up to last fall, for we saw some of these things with our own eyes." Editors

1,122 LETTERS

More power to the clearheaded good will relations of straightening out American thinking by use of letters-to-the-editors columns, as in the case of Joy Clayton of Monmouthshire, England. Americans have been duped too long by the kings of anti-British propaganda or anti-other nations. That creates the social and economic disorder which is a prelude to war.

Stephen Vollmayer
Toledo, Ohio

▼ "The face that launched a thousand ships" (Helen of Troy's, that would be) had nothing on the classic profile of Joy Clayton which we carried in the April *Sound Off!* Joy (we first deciphered it as Jay) showed that she is well endowed with brains as well as beauty by appealing to the Yanks and her own countrymen to remember how much they meant

(Continued on page 55)

THE FISH REALLY WERE THAT BIG

Regarding Barney Peters' article *Monsters in American Rivers and Lakes*, May . . . prior to 1943 Benton Harbor, Michigan was on Lake Michigan.

Mann Hahn
Winnetka, Illinois

Tsk! Tsk! . . . Peters confuses the locale of Astoria, OREGON . . .

Warren Grimberg
Astoria, OREGON

▼ Research into correctness of details is an editorial responsibility. We let it be said that a 310-pound lake sturgeon was found in Lake Superior at Benton Harbor. We let it be said that a 2,000-pound sturgeon was reportedly taken at Astoria, Washington. Benton Harbor is on Lake Michigan, like Mann Hahn says. Astoria is in Oregon, like Warren

Grimberg says. To Benton Harbor and Astoria, our profoundest apologies. And as for our research into the fish themselves, see below.

Editors

Your *Life in the Open* for May mentioned a sturgeon caught in Idaho's Snake River in 1911 which weighed 1500 pounds. . . . Here is a picture of that fish, caught by my grandfather's brother, Nephi Purcell. It was hauled into Payette, Idaho by Walt Watts in a dray wagon. . . . Walt said the wagon box was 12 feet long and the fish's nose touched the front end gate while its tail was dragged on the ground. It was weighed at a local lumber yard and tipped the scales at 1500 pounds.

Red Purcell
Roaring Springs Ranch
Frenchglen, Oregon



Nephi Purcell's Oregon sturgeon

IS TIME ON RUSSIA'S SIDE?

FOREIGN RECOVERY and American business interests are closely related



The American
LEGION
Magazine

By DWIGHT GRISWOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

The bosses in the Kremlin have an oriental concept of doing things. They will wait years to see the red flag flying over the world



VERY TIME I read where we are "speeding up" European recovery, I remember my experience with a highly personable group of Russian officials in Germany. As a member of General Clay's staff, one of my jobs was to re-establish international communications for Germans as quickly as possible. This task required the approval of my British, French, and Russian colleagues on a quadripartite board.

Early in 1947 we called a meeting to make the final decisions which would once again give the Germans use of trans-Atlantic cable and telephone service. All the facilities were ready. (Continued on page 39)



DEATH IN

EVERY SHADOW



By JIM KJELGAARD

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB KUHN



... that was the risk the old bullfrog

ran for the joys of living

QHE BULLFROG beneath the willow bush was aware that he might die in less than a second. The frog crouched, lowering his head between his paws and remaining absolutely motionless on the wet sand which the willow sheltered. The sound he had heard came again.

It was a faint scraping, a wisp of noise that was almost submerged by lapping water and the wind. The frog knew that it spelled possible destruction for him because, at night, most noises meant danger. A little wave broke over the willow bush. When the wave broke it sprayed down upon the frog, but he did not move.

It was too late to move, for whatever had made the sound that had alarmed him was walking upon gritty pebbles scarcely six feet on the upstream side of the willow bush. If the frog dived now he would splash, and certainly he would attract attention. If a mink or otter were coming, they would surely hear and see that splash. Unbelievably swift, either predator could catch a frog before he could hide on the bottom of the river. The frog's most certain hope lay in remaining motionless.

The moon, seeming to rise perceptibly, came over the tall trees on the other side of the river and sent slanting rays across the water. On the far side, deep in the shadow cast by the trees, a buck deer came to drink. The buck raised an inquisitive head, stared across the water, and plucked daintily at some lush river grass. The tiniest of shudders stirred the frog.

Then the approaching enemy ap-

peared. Less than ten inches from him, wading in shallow water directly ahead of the low-hanging willow branch under which the frog lay, a sharp-nosed, masked-faced raccoon approached. Little ripples, stirred by the wading coon, washed up to and over the frog. The coon bent its head and seemed to look directly at him. Now prepare to act, but look like a slime-covered rock.

The frog shivered and readied his insides for a desperate leap. When he jumped he would have to pass on one side or the other of the hunting coon, and he would try the left because that offered the best chance of escape. If he gained the deep water beyond, he would submerge in one of the hiding places he had there.

There were three, and the frog knew all of them perfectly. He might go under a sunken log, in a crevice beneath a big boulder, or simply hide in the mud. Which one he selected would have to be determined by circumstances.

At that moment, eighteen inches downstream, a green caterpillar dropped from a branch of the willow bush and fell with a tiny splash. The coon's head snapped around. He took his eyes from the frog and waded eagerly over to investigate the splash. Fishing in the water with his hand-like paws, the coon picked up and ate the caterpillar. Without glancing back at the willow bush—he couldn't really have seen the frog—the coon started down the creek.

The frog raised up, blinking in the faint moonlight that filtered under the willow bush and moved cautious-

ly. Since the first spring leaves had appeared, and the frog had emerged from the river mud beneath which he had spent the winter, the under side of the willow had been his home. The world he lived in was bounded by the bush, the approximate center of the river, and twenty feet up and down. He never ventured farther than that.

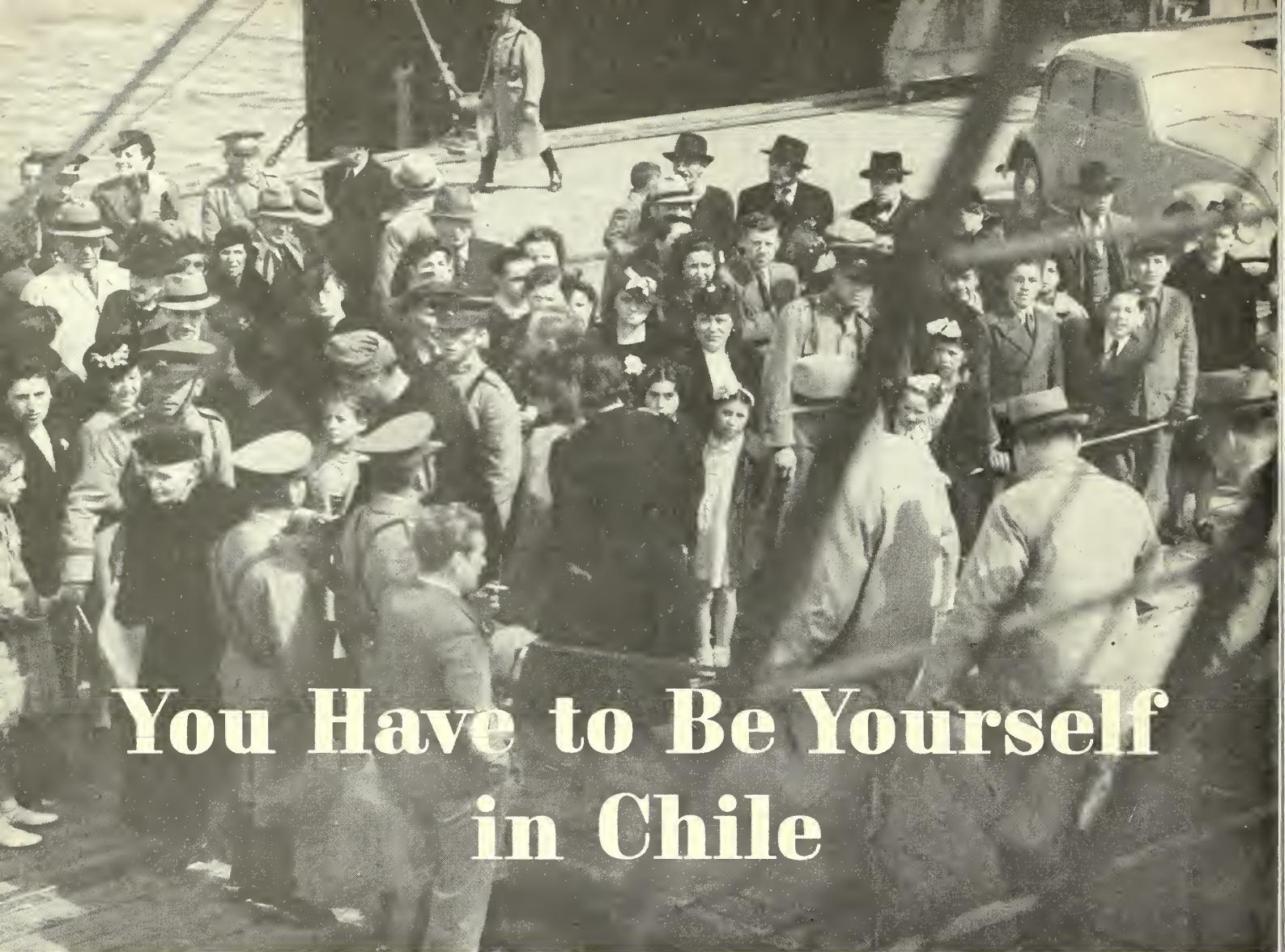
The bull-like roar of another frog came from up-river. The frog beneath the willow waited silently, wanting to assure himself that the coon was far away before he answered. Then he raised his own bellowing voice, and he listened ecstatically to the echoes that bounded back. He became silent as a down-river frog took up the night song. There was another second's lull, and the frog which had started the night chorus resumed it.

The big frog under the willow bush lay silently, quivering in every nerve and muscle as he listened. This was sheer pleasure, unsurpassed joy, a delightful interlude in a fear-filled night. In his own turn he bellowed and quieted so the bull down the river could bellow.

That sound was cut suddenly short, as though a sound-proof black curtain had been drawn over its source. The frog under the willow bush remained very silent.

Probably the wandering coon had made a kill. The death which roamed the river at night, and was seldom absent for more than a moment, had struck again, for the down-river frog never roared again.

When another dropping caterpillar plunked into the water, the big frog beneath the (Continued on page 49)



You Have to Be Yourself in Chile

WHEN FOREIGNERS visit Chile they are not only checked on arrival but tabs are kept on their subsequent movements

Thanks to a national passport system, it is no longer possible for disguised subversives and crooks to float around Chile and stir up trouble

By WILLIAM LaVARRE

YEAR AFTER YEAR we have read in our newspapers that aliens or citizens wanted by the United States Government for questioning or crimes have disappeared from their homes and haunts and, by a change of name, character of dress, occupation or facial features, cannot be located or appre-

hended. Men, women and children "disappear" each year, metamorphose into new identities; many of them pursue new deceptions or crimes successfully, with their old crimes or identities self-buried behind them.

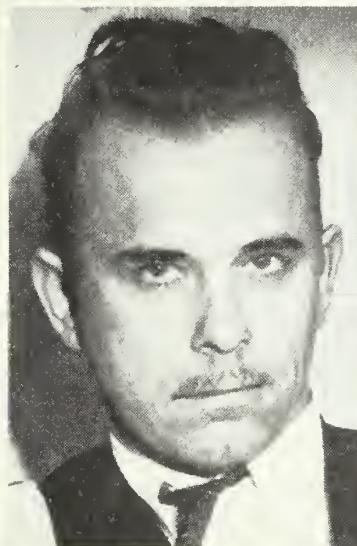
Anyone who doubts this can ask local police officials for their list of "Missing Persons." The sum of these

local lists, totalled by states for the entire nation, has reached a climax of nearly a million people. A third of them are aliens. Another third are very recently naturalized citizens.

We have more, and in other specialties better, intelligence agencies than any other nation in the world but in our own hemisphere we are not at all leaders in the perfection of procedures for locating people quickly who try to change their identities.

We are, in fact, the most complacent Republic of the entire Western Hemisphere so far as an accurate identification of our aliens or citizens is concerned. Throughout the United States thousands, often hundreds of thousands, of aliens and citizens, for instance, use the U. S. Postal Savings and Money Order facilities under false names; obtain Notary Public seals and verifications for legal documents under false identities.

Many thousand aliens and citizens have bank deposit vaults and checking accounts under fictitious names, act as witness and give legally ac-

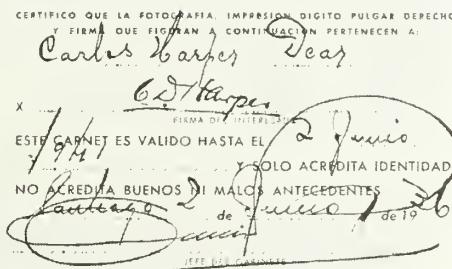


FOUR MEN? No, John Dillinger in four poses. His bloody career might have been nipped if we'd had the Chilean system

IN CHILE DISGUISES DON'T PROTECT CRIMINALS



A FINGERPRINT EXPERT checks the Carnets to find a missing person



ALL CHILEANS carry identification cards such as this. At first many opposed the idea but now they look upon the system as a good one

cepted evidence under temporary rather than permanent identities. In the United States anyone with a personal reason for hiding his or her real identity can engage in trade, join labor unions, teach in our schools, send and receive registered mail, and vote under not only two but several different names and identities.

An alien communist, for example, was known to have stolen some very important papers from a U.S. official. Many security agencies joined in a nation-wide search for him, suspecting that he had shaved his mustache, dyed his hair, and otherwise changed his personal appearance. Hundreds of other aliens and citizens in the United States have frequently divorced themselves from former identities in order to pursue new schemes and associations. This particular agent of the Kremlin was equally successful. He simply disappeared.

If it had not been for the Chilean Civilian Identification Bureau's highly perfected system of knowing who's who, and just where to find him, this

chameleon-like sabotage agent might still be free to travel in America—a Trojan Horse of special danger to our vital war and peace industries. The Kremlin overlooked a fact, little known also by most of the people of the Western Hemisphere: Chile, far in advance of the other American Republics and Canada, has today the Hemisphere's most tamper-proof system of civilian identification.

The man we were searching for under a new disguise had made, we were to learn, a still mysterious pilgrimage during many "missing" months, right under the eyes of our investigating and police agencies—to Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago, San Francisco, Wichita, Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Just what names he used in those industrial centers we may never know, nor what other vital contributions he may have made to a potential enemy's storehouse against us. In the United States we had no way to trace him or, by accurate identification, catch him. But from the day he first set foot on Chilean soil from

an American plane, disguised as a Polish refugee metallurgist, the Chilean Government had its own efficient method of tracing him, day by day.

The Kremlin, in dispatching this agent to secure highly confidential details from U.S. owned copper mines in Chile, made him subject for the first time in a circuitous American marauding to *unchangeable* personal identification. It is the law of Chile that every citizen and every alien resident over seven years of age must have a *Carnet de Identidad*, a 2x4-inch little non-forgable identification folder containing name, age, parentage, residence, nationality, profession, voting district, and, in addition, the owner's signature, numbered photograph, and thumb print. Physically this is a minute vest-pocket *national passport*. On the very small pages of this *Carnet* the owner's thumb print and numbered photograph are verified skillfully by government seals and the personal signature of the issuing official. The Chilean *Carnet* must be renewed by (Continued on page 54)

The Growing Attack on

By PERRY BROWN,

National Commander, The American Legion

PHOTO BY ESTHER BUBLEY

TIS MY UNHAPPY duty to call to the attention of Legionnaires and all veterans of both great World Wars certain unmistakable evidence that our hard-won veterans' benefits are under dangerous, irresponsible and, in some cases, greedy attack from many sides.

In one sense veterans' rights and benefits have always been under attack. Our American Legion is geared to detect, expose and combat the usual run of sniping at veterans.

But today, for the second time in sixteen years, opposition to established veterans' benefits by special and powerful groups contains elements of a real crisis for all war veterans. It represents a challenge which calls for the full fighting strength of The American Legion.

As National Commander I have already taken preliminary steps in this crisis. Last March I appointed a special committee, headed by Past National Commander Edward A. Hayes

NO BED FOR TUBERCULAR VETERAN



Among the thousands of veterans with active tuberculosis who are waiting for hospital space is Alfred Tedeschi (left) of Canonburg, Pa. Last February he was 230th on the waiting list at Deshon Veterans Hospital, Butler, Pa. By April 13 he had advanced thirty positions and was 200th.

Tedeschi spent the winter and spring unemployed as a result of his illness. He lived with his wife, who expected a baby in April, in two rooms at the home of an uncle. There were two other children in the home. All risked T.B. infection.

During the time he advanced thirty numbers on the waiting list the American Legion was battling a 16,000-bed cutback in the VA hospital building program.

Tedeschi served with the 410th Bomb Squadron, 94th Bomb Group, in Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes and Central Europe.

Once again the disabled

veteran is the secret

target of anti-veteran propaganda and lobbying



of Chicago, to investigate the exceedingly complex attack on veterans' benefits and to begin organizing the forces of The American Legion against an enemy which seems to have a thousand heads.

I do not like to be an alarmist, but I know that swift action is necessary. I am mindful of the tragic lesson of 1933, when the infamous, callous and cold-blooded Economy Act caught us by surprise. Then, before we could marshal our strength, the shocking Public Law 2 of the 73d Congress was slipped through the national legislature in one day, without a hearing.

Those of us who remember that law, and who remember the terrible year and eight days that followed its passage, cannot be complacent today. Too many straws in the wind foretell another gathering storm for veterans and their dependents. The pattern now is strikingly similar to that of sixteen years ago. In some ways it is worse.

In 1933 the cry was for economy. And so it is today. In addition, today, there are powerful interests who seek not economy, but the capture of veterans' appropriations for themselves.

In 1933 there was a league — the National Economy League — supported by the dollars of many of our seemingly best citizens and large industries.

Those were the depression years, and the National Economy League spent its dollars to promote the claim that the cost of veterans' benefits had to be reduced.

Many veterans and their friends were lulled into false security by promises (which you always hear from opponents of veterans' rights and benefits) that the war-injured would not be asked to share in the economy. We hear the same pious words today. Savings, they said then, must be made only in the cases of those veterans who might be said to be enjoying government generosity.

They sneaked their law across — and the betrayal of the veteran was of a magnitude to make Americans blush for shame.

Immediately, veterans whose disabilities were classified as non-service-connected were removed from veterans' hospitals. At first, in this gigantic bed-emptying, no attempt was made to readjust the veterans or find other care for them. They were thrown from their beds by the thousands, cast into the streets — most of them not only sick but penniless and without hope — at the bottom of the great depression.

In the fiscal year 1933-34 over 10,000 sick or convalescent veterans were thrown (*Continued on page 57*)

Veterans' Benefits

Scene in a state mental hospital, 40% overcrowded as of March 1, 1949. Many of the patients are veterans for whom no VA hospital beds are available. The same situation exists in nearly every state in the country



They're Striking It Rich



EX-GI BILL KNIGHT and his wife spend their vacations and every weekend prospecting though the Mojave hasn't made them rich yet

The desert telegraph has been humming with news of ex-GI's and the bonanzas they've been finding

By ROBERT M. HYATT



NY DAY NOW, the country's newspapers may carry such headlines as these:

BIG STRIKE IN CALIFORNIA! THOUSANDS OF GI'S IN MOJAVE STAMPEDE!

The news will come as a total surprise to almost everyone, including Californians, so quietly has the "rush" got underway.

It started early in 1946, when two war-weary veterans went to the Mo-



in the Mojave

jave Desert for a spot of sun and a rest. One of them—an amateur mineralogist—was pecking at a rock outcrop one day and made a momentous discovery. Quickly the boys filed a claim. In the next few weeks they dug \$20,000 in gold from their plot.

Like all good prospectors, they tried to keep the secret of their find to themselves, but the desert telegraph got going. Soon more GI's were pouring into the desert, all hoping to strike it rich. Today there are an estimated four thousand men from many states and every branch of the services wooing Dame Fortune all over the sprawling Mojave, which has resounded to the shouts of gold-mad men in the past.

While these 20th century 49'ers will settle for the yellow metal, they're looking for a half dozen other ores that the old-timers knew nothing about: tungsten, molybdenum, chromite, beryllium, titanium and — uranium, top ingredient in the A-bomb.

Have any of them hit the jackpot?

They have. Several of the boys have found real bonanza claims, sold them, and returned to their homes to build houses and set up in the business of their choosing. "Pud" Jacobs and

L. D. Harris, a carrier-based fighter pilot team, who criss-crossed the South Pacific on many missions, began digging gold in an abandoned mine last April. Using modern mining equipment, they put a shaft far down below the ancient workings and struck a rich deposit of tungsten. They have already taken out \$50,000 in ore.

Former Waist-Gunner Emil Krautz, in partnership with an old sourdough who has lived in the area fifty years, is dickering for the sale of a large chromite deposit they discovered a few months ago. As chromite (like tungsten) is a valuable mineral used in strengthening steel, they expect a handsome profit.

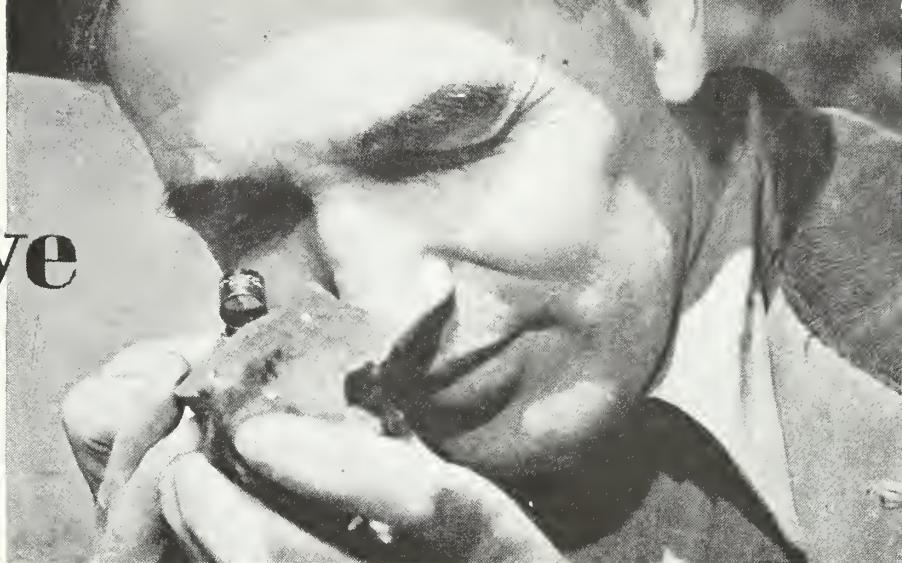
Before going to the desert, many of these vets took intensive college courses in prospecting and mining; thus they are far better equipped to seek earthy wealth than their great-grandfathers who made flaming history at Sutter's Mill just one hundred years ago. Many southwestern col-

leges and universities have inaugurated special courses in such vital things as atomic ores and how to locate them, critical and strategic minerals, and simple courses in general prospecting.

In my five weeks' sojourn among these youthful sourdoughs, I talked to scores who are digging nice incomes in gold and silver from the arid wastes, and acquiring enviable suntans to boot.

Few of them are satisfied to tackle the tough business of prospecting with the meager tools — pick and shovel — that uncovered the country's historic strikes in the past. Many go laden with such items as ultra-violet mineralites, for detecting various ores by their fluorescent colors, air compressors for operating pneumatic drills, the latest in blasting equipment, and even walkie-talkie radios with which partners may keep in touch when distant separations are necessary.

A few went (Continued on page 45)



ANOTHER EX-GI, George Macmillian, examines a specimen from the Mojave

WOMAN TRAVELS BY BURRO, BUT THAT'S A GEIGER COUNTER SHE'S USING. OTHERS PREFER MORE MODERN TRANSPORTATION





Who Wants a Car?

By HANK FELSEN

This is the kind of story that will probably
remind you of things that happened to you

Officers Candidate School in the war).

I parked my car in front of an agency that advertised itself as paying highest prices for good used cars, any year, and I went in to do business.

A well-dressed man smoking a cigar jumped up and ran to meet me at the door—to keep me from getting inside. "Whaddya want?" he snarled, backing me out of the showroom.

"I'd like to see about getting a new car. I..."

"A hundred bucks and maybe I'll put you on the list. We don't have any cars. Who sent you? Come back next year."

"But, Sir," I interrupted, "I want to trade my car in on a new one. Your ad in the paper said you wanted good used cars, and I have this excellent 1937 Terraplane that..."

I got no further. The man grabbed me by the coat, slammed me against the wall, and hammered my face with

ILLUSTRATED BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.

I OWN A 1937 Terraplane that I wouldn't sell for a thousand dollars. The block is cracked, the valves stick, the windows are broken, the tires worn, and the upholstery has been chewed to a pulp by my kids. But that old car has a revenge value that money can't buy.

It all goes back to 1946, and the day I thought I would trade my Terraplane

in on a new car. At the time, my bus was in good shape. I had all new tires, a new paint job, the motor had just been completely overhauled, and the interior was perfect. I went to town with the idea that I was driving about four hundred dollars worth of car, which I would use as a down payment on one of the cheaper new cars. (Now you know why I was never chosen for



Whitney Darrow, Jr.

WHEN HIS MEN roiled out the red carpet the dealer led me inside and offered me cigars and Scotch

the back of his hand. "A wise guy, huh?" he spat out, along with some other stuff. "I'll nineteen-thirty-seven you!"

I drove my Terraplane for another year, then tried again in 1947, when new cars were supposed to be more available. I went back to the same agency, and this time things were different. No man blocked my way at the front door. The entire staff of the agency was busy in the rear.

As new cars rolled off the trucks, one agency owner accepted delivery, and immediately sold the car to his partner. The partner drove across the showroom to the used car side, and the auto was for sale at double the list price.

Once more I tried to do business.

HE SAID it was owned by school teachers who never drove more than thirty

The same man was on hand to serve me, but this time he was more cordial. "I can't get you a new car for a year," he said without blushing, "but I'll give you a good break on one of our new-used cars. Ten dollars for your Terraplane, and you can have a Gizmo Four, driven only fifty feet, for three thousand dollars."

"That's a little more than I intended to pay," I said bravely, fingering the thin roll of one-dollar bills in the pocket of my GI trousers. "Do you have something a little cheaper?"

"We don't handle cheap cars," he answered. "But some of our bargains are less expensive than others." He led me to the used-car lot and showed me a Terraplane the same year and model as mine, but with a few differ-

ences. This car had the fenders off, the rear half of the car had been chopped away to make an open truck body, the windows were covered with college stickers, and high school pep slogans had been painted on the sides.

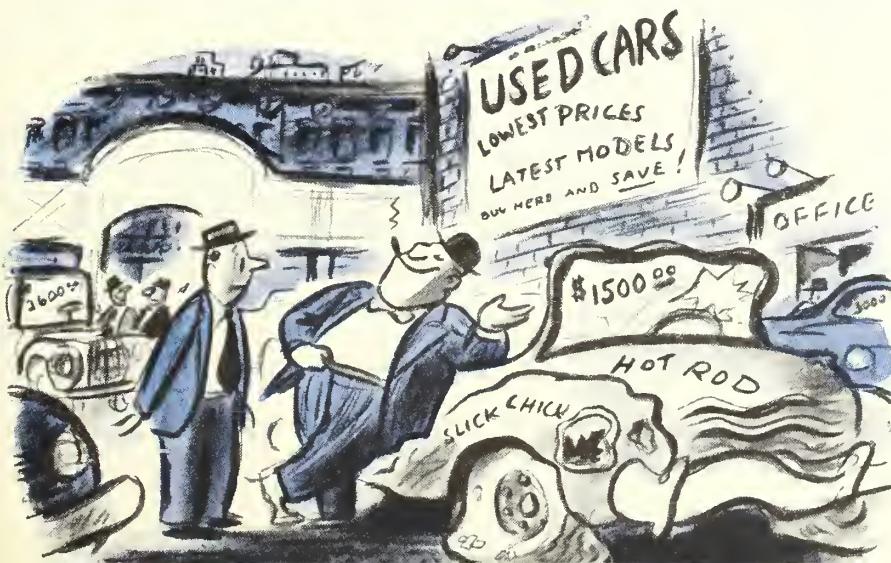
"Now here," said the dealer, "is a practically new car that was owned by three school teachers who never went more than thirty miles an hour. They treated the car like a baby, and cried tears when it was run over by a train and they had to part with it. Fifteen dollars for your car, and you can be towed away in this one for only five hundred bucks. It's a steal, but you have an honest face, and I want to help you."

"What?" I cried. "Say if this wreck is worth five hundred, my car is worth a thousand."

"Certainly," the dealer agreed. "That's what I intend to ask for it. But it's only worth fifteen dollars to me."

"If it's worth a thousand when you sell it, I want a thousand when I sell it," I said indignantly.

The dealer looked at me closely. "I remember you," he bellowed. "You're that wise guy that was in here last year. Trying to undermine the profit system, eh? We know how to deal with your type." He called two mechanics who threw me out on the sidewalk. The dealer threw his cigar butt after me. "Our boys fought the war to protect (Continued on page 50)





1. SLUGGING CARDINAL outfielder who once played for Ernest Jobes Post #212, Donora, Pa. Who? ?



2. HIGH-SALARIED Cleveland pitcher who once played for Penoach Post #464, Adel, Iowa. Who? ?



3. PHILLIE OUTFIELDER, 1948 Rookie of the Year, once played for Antelope Post #172, Neligh, Neb. Who? ?



4. CATLIKE CARDINAL pitcher who once played for Howard Maxey Post #72, Ada, Oklahoma. Who? ?



9. CLEVELAND SHORTSTOP-manager who once played for Harvey Post #155, Harvey, Illinois. Who? ?



14. DETROIT SOUTHPAW fireball pitcher who once played for Roose-Vanker Post #286, Detroit. Who? ?



18. RED SOX SLUGGER who once played for Dwight C. Mitchell Post #201, San Diego. Who? ?



HERE'S A PARLOR GAME that ought to be easy for any Legionnaire or baseball fan. Major and minor league baseball today is dominated by former Legion Junior Baseball players. Thirteen of the sixteen opening day pitchers this year were ex-Juniors. So were thirty-five of the fifty men certified to play in the last World's Series (18 Braves, 17 Indians). Last year there were 243 former

Legion stars in the majors and 3,457 in all organized baseball. On these two pages we show thirty-two major leaguers and offer a few hints to help identify them.

All we challenge you to do is to name each player.

All set? Get out your pencil and write the names in the space provided under each picture. Answers on page 51. To see how you stand, see chart on facing page.

Can You Name Your Ballplayers?

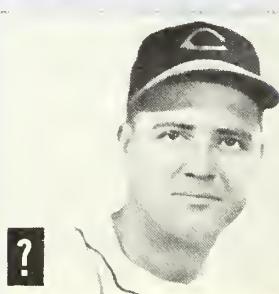
By ROBERT B. PITKIN



19. CUBS' VERSATILE team captain. Once played with National Post #467, Chicago. Who? ?



20. NEW YORK GIANTS' pitcher who once played for Bolton Post #19, York, Nebraska. Who? ?



21. CLEVELAND THIRD BASEMAN who once played for Bay View Post #180, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Who? ?



25. YANKEE CATCHER-OUTFIELDER who once played for Stockham Post #245, St. Louis. Who? ?



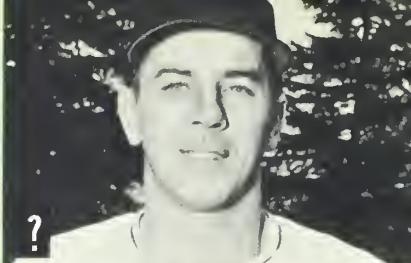
26. BRAVES' 1948 ROOKIE shortstop. Once played for W. B. Williamson Post #1, Lake Charles, La. Who? ?



27. ONCE HURLED two no-hitters in row for Cincinnati. Played for Wyckoff Post #83, Wyckoff, N. J. Who? ?



28. RED SOX second baseman who once played for Leonard Wood Post #125, Los Angeles. Who? ?

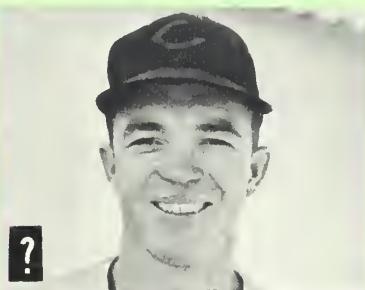


5. PHILLIES' HIGH-BONUS young pitcher, once played for Coplay Post #426, Coplay, Pennsylvania. Who?

6. ST. LOUIS CARDINALS' pitcher who once played for Crescent City Post #126, New Orleans, La. Who?

7. BOSTON BRAVES' pitcher who once played for South Buffalo Post #721, Buffalo, New York. Who?

8. PITTSBURGH PIRATE shortstop who once played for Tonawanda Post #264, Tonawanda, New York. Who?

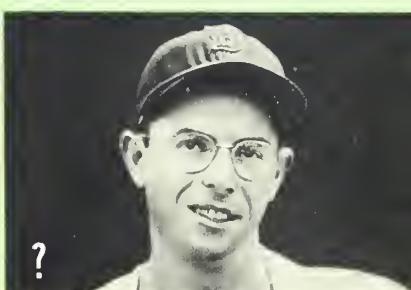


10. CLEVELAND SLUGGING second baseman. Once played for Portland Post #1, Portland, Ore. Who?

11. WASHINGTON UTILITY INFILDER who once played for Shaw-Stephens Post #103, Maplewood, Mo. Who?

12. CINCINNATI SHORTSTOP who once played for W. A. Hudgens Post #14, Anderson, S. C. Who?

13. PIRATES' HOME RUN king who once played for John Howard Strain Post #139, Alhambra, Cal. Who?



15. BROOKLYN DODGERS' catcher who once played for Loudenslager Post #366, Philadelphia. Who?

16. SLUGGING GIANT third baseman who once played for Rugby Post #1011, Brooklyn, New York. Who?

SCORE YOURSELF THIS WAY IF YOU WANT TO

0 to 5 right

"When McGraw quit I quit."

6 to 9 right

Poet, horse-player or golfer

10 to 15 right

Sports page and radio fan

16 to 19 right

Sunny Sunday spectator

20 to 24 right

Loyal to one league

25 to 29 right

Daily bleacherite

30 to 32 right

Impossible

17. RED SOX OUTFIELDER, of famous baseball family. Played with Galileo Post #236, San Francisco. Who?



22. BRAVES' CATCHER who once played with Sacramento Post #61, Sacramento, California. Who?

23. RED SOX SLUGGING shortstop who once played for Samuel Thomas Post #326, Long Beach, Calif. Who?

24. BROOKLYN PITCHER, nicknamed "Preacher," who played for Cyrus M. Langle Post #73, Salem, Ark. Who?



29. PIRATE PITCHER, former Cardinal, once played for Byron H. Mehl Post #23, Leavenworth, Kan. Who?

30. SLUGGING, BASE-STEALING Brown third baseman who once played for Glendale, California, Post. Who?

31. Brooklyn shortstop and team captain. Played in Louisville, Kentucky, Legion league. Who?

32. CLEVELAND PITCHER, former Senator, once played for Wiregrass Post #59, Geneva, Alabama. Who?



Were You Exposed

By J. B. RICE, M.D.

PHOTO BY TOM CAREW

Here is a round-up of the jungle diseases you might still fear at this late date if you served in the Pacific, CBI, Africa or Latin America



WHILE SERVING in the Pacific, the Orient, and elsewhere, at least a million and a half American men and women contracted strange alien diseases. Even the names of many of them are terrifying. Good old pneumonia and honest Bright's disease seem warm and friendly compared to the slimy coils of "tsutsugamushi" and the menacing hiss of "schistosomiasis." No wonder there have been dark whispers of dreadful things in store for hapless veterans.

Have our men really been cured of their mysterious tropical diseases, or

will the jungle stalk them the rest of their lives? Can their families and friends feel safe, or are their maladies still catching?

The unknown sheds its terrors when it loses its mystery; and doctors have found out a lot about these exotic diseases and their dangers. Let's put some of the worst of the foreign "killers" under the bright lights of a police line-up and look them over one by one. Like most mugs, they aren't so tough—they just looked tough while they were on the loose.

The first sight of the tropics for many a G.I. freshly uprooted from

Brooklyn or Kansas was a breathtaking picture of almost unearthly beauty. For no place else on this planet has Nature painted her seascapes and her landscapes so skillfully and lavishly. But his second impression might have been one of chilling horror at native men and women with elephantiasis (el-ef-an-ti'-as-is). Their pitiful bodies distorted by gigantic tumor swellings may well have transformed the cathedral-like forest primeval into a treacherous jungle nightmare. An African suffering from this disease was operated upon by the author several years ago. He weighed in on the hospital scales at 230 lbs., but "lost" 120 lbs. in about an hour in the operating room. Although he went back to the ward less than half his former self, he certainly was lighter in heart as well as body. And 50,000 of our service men fell prey to the parasite that causes elephantiasis.

If you like to shudder, stop reading right now and start wringing your hands; for the next sentence may prove to be a letdown. Although they played unwilling host to the parasite temporarily, *not one of the 50,000 ever got elephantiasis and not one of them ever will.*

And here's why. The cause is a little thread-like animal named filaria (fil-ar'-ia). Research doctors had studied it before the war, of course. They had

to Tropical Disease?



found out that the little creatures got around from person to person, like malaria parasites, by hitch-hiking rides with mosquitoes. And they knew that a few filaria parasites did very little harm. It took large numbers acquired by the bites of many infected mosquitoes over periods of months or years to produce elephantiasis.

Prompt diagnosis by alert medical officers and early evacuation to the United States by enlightened commanders prevented any fighting man from getting enough filaria to cause any but trivial and transient symptoms. Veterans need not dread that grotesque distortion will be their eventual fate. They are safe and so are their friends and families. For the few filaria picked up by our men have by this time all been killed by the natural defenses of their own bodies. The only "elephantiasis" we have to fear is the kind we get under the belt from too much home cooking.

So much for the horrible jungle disease that scared the pants off more G.I.'s (WACs excepted, of course) than all the Japs in the Pacific.

Half a million soldiers were temporarily disabled by a microscopic foe that likes to eat. Bacillary dysentery has been called the "military disease" because in all the great wars of history, particularly those fought in warm climates, it has brought more

death and bloodshed than assaults of the enemy.

Dysentery germs like food so well it's said they'll even eat C rations; and therein lies their danger. When meals are prepared on a mass scale for armies of men in the field under conditions preventing strict cleanliness, dysentery germs frequently get first place in the chow line and make it tough for everybody who eats after them. The work of army food inspectors was hindered by a curious psychologic twist of the male mind. Kitchen work is woman's work; and the temptation to carelessness in the preparation of food is great in men who must be sentenced to K.P. as punishment. Maybe the Chinese soldier who refused to go to war unless he could take his wife, children and family pig along with him had something at that.

Although the "war of the kitchen" was fought valiantly, still the invisible enemy "got" its half-million men. But it didn't kill them; and that was a victory of the highest order for the "medics." In this war, Army doctors had a new weapon — a kind of sulfa drug that stays in the intestine and kills off the germs as they come down the hatch. This sulfa cut the ancient military disease down to size — from two weeks of suffering to two days — and almost eliminated fatalities. This

kind of dysentery has produced no post-war problem because it is hardly ever chronic and it's easy to diagnose and treat by modern methods.

But there's another kind of dysentery that gave the doctors (as well as the patients) a run for their money. It's the kind caused by little one-celled amebas, related to the microscopic blobs of protoplasm known to every schoolboy as one of the lowest forms of life. According to army records, only about 5,000 men contracted amebic dysentery. Yep, that's what the records say. But here's a little secret, known only to me and to nine million ex-G.I.'s. *Army records can get fouled up.* In this case, they were — the number was probably closer to a million. Amebas specialize in the sneak attack and the symptoms they produce are easily confused with a dozen other diseases; so it's very hard for doctors to diagnose. And they're versatile creatures. One scientist who had very little to do one fine day made a list of 1,691 different symptoms that they could produce. But even so, they should hardly be blamed for all the bellyaches in the army. How many veterans now have amebic dysentery is unknown. The percentage among those who served in tropical countries may be as high as 20. But at least 10% of American civilians who have never been (Continued on page 42)

The City Where the Fourth

By HARRY A. FRANCK

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

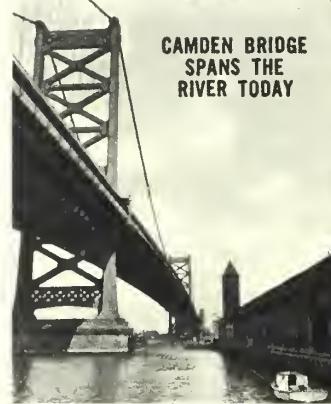
Philadelphia's proudest boast is Independence Hall, but Convention* visitors will find it has many other delightful attractions



THE FOURTH OF JULY might almost be called a native of Philadelphia. For if dates can have a birthplace it was born there, 173 years ago. At any rate, there are more memories of our national birth in Philadelphia than at any other place in our land.

The building, the very room in which our Declaration of Independence, therefore our nation, was born is a short walk eastward down Chestnut Street from City Hall, the center of town. Independence Hall is the oldest of four colonial buildings in Independence Square, a little brick-walled inclosure between Fifth and Sixth streets in the heart of the old city. In 1729 the Pennsylvania Legislature, tired of meeting in private houses, appropriated £2,000 (\$10,000 in those days) to buy ground and erect a legislative building. Completed in 1734 — though the bell tower was not added until 1751 — it is a beautiful example of colonial architecture, inside and out, with impeccable simplicity of line and woodwork unsurpassed in the nation.

The East Room in Independence Hall, our nation's exact birthplace, has



been called the most historic, the most hallowed spot in the United States. There the second Continental Congress was formed in 1774, the Congress which decided, after the battle of Lexington, that the thirteen colonies should break with England. In that room George Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of the Continental Army on June 15, 1775. In it, on July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was enacted by men who ran the risk of being hanged for signing.

Here too, on July 9, 1778, the Articles of Confederation were ratified by

SAILORS in the rigging of the ships in the Delaware greeted news of the Declaration with lusty cheers



representatives from a majority of what until then had been the thirteen colonies. Here the convention that adopted the U. S. Constitution met. Americans wounded in the Battle of Germantown were laid in rows on the floors of Independence Hall; in the very room in which our nation was born, American officers taken in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown were kept as prisoners of war.

In the rotunda, just inside the main entrance, is the Liberty Bell. Perhaps no other single object more typified our independence. Cast in England in 1752, it (Continued on page 47)

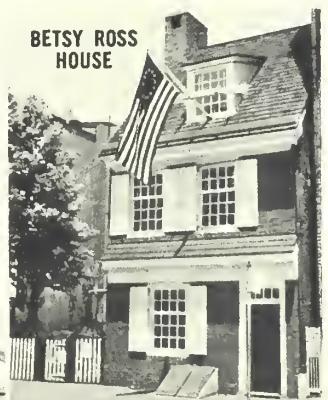
Was Born



IT WAS while tolling for the death of Chief Justice John Marshall in 1835 that the Liberty Bell cracked



GENERAL WASHINGTON led the group which asked Mistress Betsy to design a flag for the young nation



Free Convertibles FOR LEGIONNAIRES

Donated by Seagram Post
Not a Contest! No Strings Attached!

Four new FORD Convertibles to be won at the National Convention in Philadelphia Aug. 29-Sept. 1.

Once again, four lucky Legionnaires will receive—absolutely free—brand new Ford Convertibles—the Fashion Car of the year—donated by the J. J. Seagram Post to the American Legion National Convention Corporation. The cars will be awarded at the National Convention in Philadelphia, August 29-September 1—the drawing to be held at Municipal Stadium on August 29th.

Think of it. All Legionnaires are eligible. And

absolutely no charge for entry. Cars will be available immediately after the drawing. Attendance at convention is not required. If desired, cars will be shipped home at winner's expense.

So what are you waiting for?

Mail the coupon on the next page immediately. Or send a letter or post card using the coupon as a guide. Entries must be received by midnight, August 27th.

Here's one of the smiling winners of a Ford in last year's drawing in Miami. Lucky Legionnaire Wayne Forrest Lambdin of Emmette J. Shields Post No. 55, Hannibal, Mo., is shown with John J. Jeffries, 1949 Commander, Department of Mo. (left) and Major General Frank R. Schwengel, member of the Executive Committee, J. J. Seagram Post.



For the Ladies... A SPECIAL AWARD DONATED BY Seagram POST!



A General Electric
Television Kitchen...

and a GE All-Electric
Home Laundry

Designed and decorated expressly for winner's home by American Home Magazine

Ladies, here's your chance to win a double-barreled prize—a dream kitchen and complete automatic home laundry. This award is open to all Ladies of the American Legion.

It is donated by the J. J. Seagram Post to the American Legion National Convention Corporation. A lucky lady will win this prize at a separate drawing to be held August 29th. The kitchen features a two-oven, "push button" range, an Automatic Dishwasher and Garbage Disposall, an 8 cubic foot combination Refrigerator-Home Freezer, a set of GE appliances

including mixer, clock, toaster, coffee-maker, and waffle iron. *Plus GE Daylight Television!* The Automatic Home Laundry contains Automatic Washer, Automatic Dryer and Flatplate Ironer. In addition, base and wall cabinets, and linoleum floor covering will be furnished. Both kitchen and laundry will be installed in your home free anywhere in the United States.

Remember, you don't have to go to the Convention to win. Just mail the coupon below. Or write a letter or post card using the coupon as a guide. Entries must be received by midnight, August 27.

TO BE USED BY THE LADIES OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

Seagram Post, American Legion
Box 8048, Main Post Office
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

GENTLEMEN:

I am a woman member of the
American Legion
 mother sister daughter Legonnaire wife
(Check One)

AMERICAN LEGION
MEMBERSHIP

Card No. _____

Post Name _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Please enter my name in the free drawing to be held August 29, 1949 at Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia, Penn., for the GE All-Electric Kitchen and GE Home Laundry, donated to the American Legion National Convention Corporation by the Seagram Post.

NAME _____
(Please Print)
HOME ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

TO BE USED BY LEGION MEMBERS ONLY

Seagram Post, American Legion
Box 8859, Main Post Office, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

GENTLEMEN:

I am a member of POST, AMERICAN
LEGION, located in (City) (State)

Please enter my name in the free drawing to be held August 29, 1949 at Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia, Penn., for the four Ford Convertible automobiles donated to the American Legion National Convention Corporation by Seagram Post.

NAME _____
(Please Print)

HOME ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

My American Legion Membership Card No. is: _____

They Want To Lead a Band

How Legionnaire Bill Allen's mass-production twirlers get to be champs

By BARBARA E. PEERLESS

LHE GLITTER AND GLORY of a parade with its snappy uniforms, beating drums and blaring horns stirs the heart of every kid from one to one hundred. However, not content with just sitting on a curb and watching it go by, more than eighteen hundred Miami youngsters are dreaming of the day when they, too, will be a part of it. Decked out in satin, (Continued on page 46)



HERE ARE, IN THE USUAL ORDER, MARCIA, SYLVIA AND PAT HARSHBARGER. PAT IS ATTENDING THE UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI ON A "BATON SCHOLARSHIP." HER SISTERS HOPE TO FOLLOW



BILL ALLEN MEASURES SIX-YEAR-OLD BARBARA ANN CARROLL FOR A BATON. THE LENGTH OF THE CHILD'S ARM DETERMINES THE SIZE. THE BATONS ARE WEIGHTED AND FINELY BALANCED



ONE OF THE OLDER GIRLS, ACTING AS TEACHER, CALLS FOR MORE SPEED AS THE YOUNGER CHILDREN MASTER THE FIRST ROUTINE. THEN THEY MOVE DOWNFIELD TO THE NEXT CLASS



WHAT CAN DO THEM YOUNG GOOD. HERE ARE SYLVIA AND PAT HARSHBARGER SHOWING HOW THEY INCORPORATE A PINTO INTO THE ACT. NOT RECOMMENDED FOR LAZYBONES



THE YOUNGEST GENERATION TAKES UP BATONEERING. THESE THREE- AND FOUR-YEAR-OLDS CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY HAVE TO FOLLOW THIS PROCEDURE, BUT SOON THEY WILL MASTER IT

THE NATIONAL LEGIONNAIRE

In conformance with a resolution adopted by the National Executive Committee at its November, 1948, meeting, The National Legionnaire was consolidated with The American Legion Magazine. The



National Legionnaire section, a regular feature of the Magazine each month, will continue the class of material relating to Legion programs and activities as used in that publication in past years.

Pension Bill Granting World Wars Vets \$72 at Age 65 Passes House—Unemployability Amendment Defeated

Roll-Call Vote of 365 Yeas, 27 Nays Swamps All Opposition —Bill Goes to Senate

By JOHN THOMAS TAYLOR
National Legislative Director

The World War Pension Bill, H. R. 4617, passed the House on June 1st by a vote of 365 to 27, following overwhelming defeat of the Teague Unemployability Amendment, which was vigorously opposed by The American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary.

All National, State and local officers of the Legion and Auxiliary can take fully justified pride in the great victory for World War pensions which was the result of their wholehearted cooperation and assistance.

On March 24th, H. R. 2681, the original Legion Pension Bill, on the motion of Representative Olin E. Teague (Texas), a member of the House Veterans Committee, was recommitted to that Committee by a vote of 208 to 207.

The following day, March 25th, at our request, Rep. John Rankin, Chairman of the Committee, reintroduced the bill containing the amendments which had been passed by the House the previous day. It became H. R. 3821.

Teague Amendment Put In

Hearings were started on this bill on March 29th and continued until April 28th. Your Director appeared before that Committee on April 5th and 6th.

On May 10th, in executive session the Committee agreed upon the bill to be reported and it was introduced as H. R. 4617. The Committee, however, again met on May 11th and there was inserted in it an amendment, which became known as the "Teague Unemployability Amendment" because it had been offered by this member of the Committee, and it was so reported to the House on May 12th. The bill provided that 65-year-old veterans of World War I and World War II, who could meet the requirement of unemployability, could qualify for monthly pensions of \$72.00. Under present regulations, such pensions are paid only where the veteran can show a nonservice-connected disability of at least 10 percent.

As reported, the bill would have eliminated entirely the 10 percent disability requirement. Had the unemployability amendment not been added, the

bill, as reported, would have been a big step toward accomplishing American Legion mandates for service pensions for World War veterans. With the unemployability clause in the bill reported, the possibility of pension benefits for veterans was greatly diminished. From figures submitted by the Veterans Administration, the bill containing this requirement would reduce the cost approximately 85 percent, thereby depriving six-sevenths of the veterans, who would otherwise qualify, of their eligibility to a pension at age 65.

Appeal to Membership

On May 14th we sent out to The American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary throughout the country our Legislative Bulletin Supplement No. 6, calling for immediate action opposing this amendment, and the National Commander sent to every Member of the House a news release calling to their attention that "this requirement could result in the nullification of the principle of veterans' pensions which the other provisions of the bill would sustain." All National, State and local officers, as well as the entire membership of the Legion, and Auxiliary were called on to contact their Representatives in Congress, urging them to actively oppose the unemployability amendment.

On Tuesday, May 24th, a letter was on the desk of every Congressman, setting forth our position in the matter and requesting their support to "strike out and vote down" the entire amendment relative to unemployability. This, then, became the issue.

TENN. POST COMMANDER SIGNS UP 483 FOR '49

Sam Morris, Commander of Summers-Whitehead Post No. 14, Chattanooga, Tennessee, has rolled up a record for service that is hard to beat. A WW2 vet and graduate of The Legion College, Commander Morris takes his Legion work seriously. Last year he enrolled 520 members for his Post, and was the first Legionnaire in the Department of Tennessee to secure 100 members for 1949—and at last report had extended his 1949 roll to 483 members. While serving as Commander of his big Post, he is also Department Sergeant-at-Arms and Aumonier of Voiture No. 645, Forty and Eight.

Legion Representatives Heard By Committees On Other Bills of Veteran Interest

The fight on the floor of the House, which was bitter, centered on the so-called "unemployability clause" which would have cut the heart out of the measure, and was vigorously opposed by the Legion and Auxiliary.

During debate, speeches were made in support of the unemployability amendment by its sponsor, Representative Olin E. Teague, who stated: "Mr. Chairman, I offered the amendment in committee to require that a man be unemployable before he can be eligible for a pension." Others who spoke in favor of the unemployability amendment were Representatives Glenn R. Davis (Wisconsin), W. M. (Don) Wheeler (Georgia), Hamilton C. Jones (North Carolina), and James E. Noland (Indiana). This same group opposed the original bill and secured its recommitment on March 24th.

Opposed Teague Amendment

Opposition to the unemployability amendment was ably led by Chairman John E. Rankin, of the House Veterans Committee. He was assisted in his opposition by Representatives A. Leonard Allen (Louisiana), Joe L. Evins (Tennessee), Dayton E. Phillips (Tennessee), Harley O. Staggers (West Virginia), Clare Magee (Missouri), James E. Van Zandt (Pennsylvania), Paul Cunningham (Iowa), Carl Elliott (Alabama), Barratt O'Hara (Illinois), Toby Morris (Oklahoma), Walter E. Brehm (Ohio), and Alvin E. O'Konski (Wisconsin).

The Teague Unemployability Amendment was overwhelmingly defeated on a division vote of 172 to 57. On a roll call vote, the opposition was completely swamped, the final count being 365 yeas to 27 nays.

In a final attempt to kill the bill, Representative Glenn R. Davis (Wisconsin) moved to again recommit the bill to the House Veterans Affairs Committee. So few members rose to support the motion that the Speaker did not even call for the opponents of the recommitment to rise.

And so ends a glorious victory for the Legion and Auxiliary, who responded so generously to calls made by the National Legislative Commission. There is no question whatever but that their efforts in informing their respec-

tive Representatives in Congress of their opposition to the unemployability amendment, and their support of World War Pensions resulted in the defeat of the amendment and the overwhelming vote in favor of the bill.

The bill is now before the Senate where it will have to hurdle the mechanics of legislative procedure in that branch of Congress.

Other provisions of H. R. 4617 are: The income limitation in the case of any unmarried person without dependents would be increased from \$1,000 to \$1,200, with no change in the income limitation for veterans with dependents (\$2,500).

If a veteran eligible for pension under the Act is or becomes, on account of age or physical or mental disability, helpless or blind or so nearly helpless or blind as to require the regular aid and attendance of another person, the amount of pension would be \$100.

For veterans less than 65 years of age a total disability rating may be assigned when the requirements of permanence and unemployability are met, where there is a single disability of 60 per centum or more, or two or more disabilities, one of which is 40 per centum or more in degree combined with other disabilities to a 70 per centum degree. These requirements are reduced at age 55 to 60 per centum and at age 60 to 50 per centum. Pension payments are \$60 monthly to veterans under age 65. Those who have been rated permanent and total and in receipt of pension for a continuous period of 10 years, are entitled to \$72, the monthly payable under this bill at age 65.

No pension or increase of pension may be paid under the Act to any person who advocates or is a member of an organization that advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force or violence, and any such person who accepts a pension or increase of a pension under the Act would be subject to a fine of not more than \$1,000 or imprisonment for not more than one year, or both.

For the purpose of award of death pension, the income limitation will be \$1,200, instead of \$1,000, for a widow without child or a child. For a widow with children, \$2,500 continues as the annual income limitation. Existing law makes this death pension payable to widows and children of veterans of both World Wars though the eligibility requirements differ. Such requirements are not altered by this bill.

Veterans' Preference

With the threat of curtailed appropriations, resulting in a reduction of Federal employees, the drive to sabotage the Veterans' Preference Act, which has been more or less continuous since the law was placed on the statute books in June 1944, has gained unprecedented proportions. The same elements which have always opposed veterans' preference are spear-heading the drive and exerting every effort to have Congress enact into law amendments which would weaken the Veterans'

Preference Act and give the opposition the opening wedge by which they hope eventually to completely sabotage the law. The National Legislative Commission has again been called on to vigorously oppose bills designed to break down veterans' preference.

National Legislative Representative Harry V. Hayden testified before the Humphrey Subcommittee of the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee, expressing the unqualified opposition of the American Legion to S. 660, to amend the Veterans' Preference Act to protect the status of permanent classified Civil Service Employees. The bill would provide that in any reduction in force, preference employees whose efficiency ratings are "good" or better shall be retained in preference to all other competing employees with less than ten years of total service and that preference employees whose efficiency ratings are below "good" shall be retained in preference to competing nonpreference employees with less than ten years of total service who have equal or lower efficiency ratings. The Legion maintains that if S. 660 is enacted into law, it would seriously affect veterans' preference in Federal employment and would be the long sought opening whereby those elements who have continually opposed veterans' preference hope to completely break down employment benefits granted to veterans by a grateful Government.

Gives Personal Opinion

While stating that his organization was officially opposed to S. 660, the spokesman of the Veterans of Foreign Wars told the subcommittee that it was his personal opinion that, if the bill were amended to provide that non-veteran employees with 18 or more years service would be protected against reduction in forced separation by veterans with less than 18 years, the bill would not be objectionable and would probably meet with the approval of the VFW. This conflict between the policy of the Legion and the personal opinion of the VFW spokesman received wide publicity in the daily press.

Another bill which would weaken Veterans' Preference, S. 115, was introduced at the request of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. This bill, which failed of passage in the last Congress, would amend Section 2 of the Veterans' Preference Act, to provide that veterans must have at least compensable disability (10 percent) to secure the 10 points credit in examinations for Federal employment; and would amend Section 3 of the Preference Act to require that all veterans make a passing grade in Civil Service examinations before the 5 and 10 point credits are added. In accordance with Legion mandates, Legislative Representative

Hayden testified before the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee, vigorously opposing the bill.

Numerous bills have been introduced in Congress to set up new Government agencies whose personnel would be outside of Civil Service, or to transfer other Government agencies from jurisdiction of the Civil Service Commission. Many of these bills are designed to circumvent the Veterans' Preference Act. Should they be adopted in their present form, many veterans would be deprived of employment benefits provided for them by the Congress. The National Legislative Commission is opposing all legislation providing for Federal employment outside of Civil Service.

Rehabilitation

Following the reporting of the pension bill, the House Committee on Veterans Affairs commenced hearings on five American Legion Bills.

Your National Legislative Director and National Rehabilitation Director T. O. Kraabel, Assistant National Rehabilitation Director Charles W. Stevens and Dr. H. D. Shapiro, Senior Medical Consultant, presented testimony to the Committee in support of the bills which were introduced at the request of the Legion to comply with our official mandates:

H. R. 896 would require payment of disability compensation in World War I prescriptively service-connected cases at the same rate as awarded the directly service-connected. Miami 1948 National Convention Resolution 349;

H. R. 900 seeks the final accomplishment of Chicago 1945 National Convention Resolution 264. Public Law 877—80th Congress, approved July 2, 1948, authorized additional disability compensation for wives, children, and dependent parents of veterans rated 60 to 100 percent. The Legion had asked such payment in any service-connected cases rated 10 percent or more. This bill would extend this added benefit payment to those rated 10 to 59 percent;

H. R. 901 would satisfy Miami 1948 National Convention Resolution 352 seeking the statutory provision of minimum ratings for service-connected arrested tuberculosis;

H. R. 903 seeks an increase of compensation rates for service-connected disability and of pension rates for non-service-connected permanent and total disability and deaths. Miami 1948 National Convention Resolution 558 asked this, as the 80th Congress only granted increased compensation to widows, children, and dependent parents in service-connected death cases; and

H. R. 906 asks, in conformity with San Francisco 1946 National Convention Resolution 605 that the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs be given adequate authority to provide required space in Veterans' Administration offices for the use of paid, full-time accredited representatives of recognized organizations.

The Senate passed S. 266, with amendment, to permit the refund of

(Continued on page 34)

COLD FACTS ABOUT LEGION'S JOB IN REHABILITATION

By JOHN H. WALSH

Chairman, National Rehabilitation Commission

The disabled veterans of the nation are being silently caught in a squeeze play which threatens to strangle their rights under the law. So are their dependents and the widows and orphans of deceased veterans.

Hemmed in by a *deliberate* economy attack on the source of their benefits, their position grows more insecure every day.

Yet their greatest champion, The American Legion, is also practicing economy—in this case *unwilling* economy.

Here are the facts:

Since 1940 the nation's veteran population has quadrupled and so have active disability claims. They rose from 610,000 on file in 1940 to 2,315,000 in 1948. Over 80,000 disability claims are awaiting final action at this moment.

The history of War I disability claims (155,023 on file in 1921 and 449,609 twenty-eight years later) indicates there are many million more War II disability claims still to come.

Meanwhile, with improved legislation, claims in many other categories have risen from nothing to many millions. Over 8 million veterans have used 52-20, over 5 million have used GI education and training, nearly one and a half million have used GI loans. How have the Legion's and the VA's services expanded in proportion to this multi-million leap in claims?

The Veterans Administration increased its personnel staff from 42,369 in 1940 to 195,545 in 1949—or approximately 460 percent.

But The American Legion was not able to keep pace with the demands for its services even before the current attacks on veterans brought us new responsibilities. Since War II, budget restrictions of The American Legion allowed only a 75 percent increase—from 40 staff members to 71—in our National Rehabilitation Service. Our expansion has at no time been sufficient to properly carry on the work which every Legionnaire knows to be our first obligation.

Now we must look forward to carrying even a greater load with our inadequate staff, for disability claims are increasing while the VA's capacity to serve is being reduced.

During last March alone, 35,637 new disability claims were filed with the VA, and the backlog of claims pending was 5,100 greater than in December.

At the very same time the Administration and the Congress commenced a paring down on the facilities of the VA. A 9 percent reduction of VA claims personnel is being effected presently, right in the face of a rising load of claims pending. Similar cuts are taking place in appeals, finance, education and other divisions of the Veterans Administration.

The less service the VA is able to

render the more the Legion will be called upon to aid veterans. More and more veterans will be coming to us for help.

Will our overtaxed rehabilitation service, which failed to double while the veteran population quadrupled, be able to carry this new load? Do we have the resources to carry on our legislative fight to keep VA services up to par?

The cold fact is that we are short of both marks.

We must strengthen our financial position to keep pace with the times, to keep our promise to war's victims, and to match the influence of powerful opponents of the veterans' program.

We must increase our own rehabilitation service. Our National Rehabilitation staff must be enlarged to include added specialists, whose services have long been required in a large percentage of cases. Many claims cannot be won without their assistance.

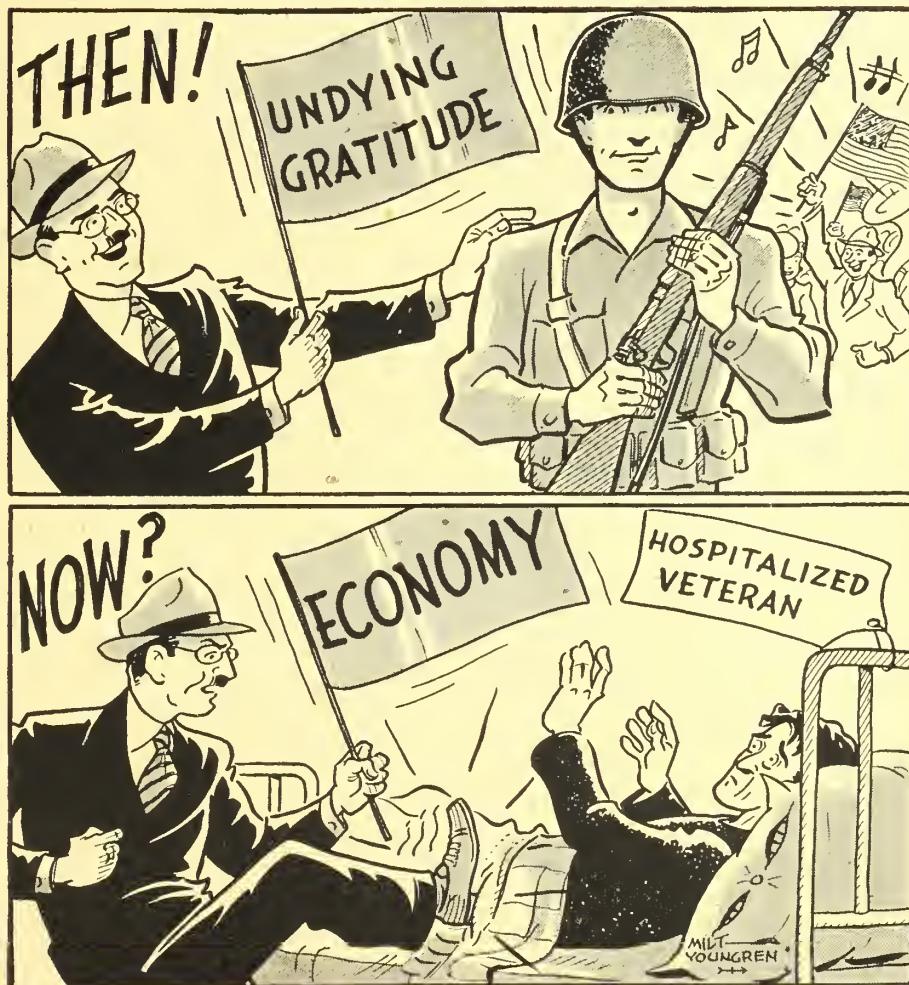
Due to the tremendous amount of correspondence involved in claims the Rehabilitation staff must have added

clerical and secretarial help. (The total Rehabilitation staff—specialists and clerical—of thirty-one persons in our Washington office received 60,160 letters in 1948 and wrote 71,226).

To meet the present economy attacks being directed at the veterans' program, veterans must have a war chest of their own. We must establish a rehab reserve and be prepared to meet any further attacks—from any source at any time—whether they come from the National Administration, the Congress, the States or anti-veteran lobbyists and propagandists. The American Legion will not submit to a repetition of the shameful Economy Act of 1933. We must solidify our ranks, build our reserves, grow up to our job and at no time be unprepared as we were in 1933. With the backing of every Legionnaire we will not fail in our dedication to unselfish service for those who suffered the ravages of war in defense of our country.

The American Legion has done the job well... up to now. It now has but one way to turn... to its members.

THE SAME OLD STORY



NATIONAL CONVENTION COMMISSION LAYS PLANS FOR PHILADELPHIA CONCLAVE



Meeting at the Indianapolis National Headquarters, the National Convention Commission completed general plans for the 31st annual National Convention of The American Legion to be held at Philadelphia on August 29th through September 1st. The City of Brotherly Love has not seen a Legion Convention since 1926—and a lot has happened in the intervening 23 years. The city is ready to roll out the red carpet for visiting Legionnaires, and according to reports coming in from all sections it is expected that attendance records will be broken at this meeting.

In the picture above, reading from left to right, Edward McGrail, National Convention Director; Department Commander Lawrence Trainor, Duquesne, Pennsylvania; Past

National Commander Paul H. Griffith, Washington, D. C.; Department Adjutant Maurice Stember, New York City; Department Adjutant Edward A. Linsky, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Convention Commission Chairman Vincent A. Carroll, Philadelphia, who is also Chairman of the 1949 Philadelphia Convention Corporation, and Members Vic MacKenzie, Carmel, California; James P. Ringley, Chicago, Illinois; Frank E. Brigham, Florence City, Florida; Joseph A. Partridge, Lake Charles, Louisiana. Other members of the Commission not shown in the picture are John W. Slacks, Vice Chairman, Manhasset, New York; Fay M. Thomas, Detroit, Michigan; Leo Crowley, Denver, Colorado; Bascom F. Jones, Nashville, Tennessee, and George H. Stott, Larchmont, New York.

100 PERCENT ENROLLMENT OF BOYS' STATES IN 1949

The long-sought goal in Boys' State has been reached in 1949—it is the climactic year with a Boys' State being held in each of the 48 States during June-August. The entire program is climaxed by the Boys' Forum of National Government at Washington the week of July 29—August 4, thus rounding out training in Government in each of the 49 continental Legion Departments.

The pioneering spirit of the group of Illinois Legionnaires who conceived and conducted the first Boys' State in 1935 has, in 14 short years, given America what is generally conceded to be the best youth citizenship-training program, based on a practical approach to the study of government, yet devised by man.

Minnesota and Colorado recently entered the program, both holding their States for the first time in 1949. Rhode Island, home of the excellent "Little Rhody" Boys' State in pre-war years, has revised its plan for conducting a reorganized State on July 3-16 at Camp Legionnaire. The Rhode Island entry rang the bell—it was the 48th State!

Boys' State enrolled approximately 16,000 high school youths in 45 States in 1948. Approximately 175,000 outstanding boy leaders since 1935 have experienced the rare privilege of learning government by participation in government through Boys' State.

TWO PAST NATIONAL VICE COMMANDERS DIE SAME DAY

Two Past National Vice Commanders, John J. Maloney and John F. Sullivan, both from the New England area, were taken by death on the same day, May 20.

John J. Maloney passed away at his home at Portland, Maine. He had long been active in the Legion; was Department Commander of Maine in 1930-31, and the following year, 1932-33, served as National Vice Commander in the official family of National Commander Louis Johnson. Later, in 1936-38, he was Maine's National Executive Committeeman, and was a member of the National Resolutions Assignment Committee from 1933 until 1939. He is survived by his widow and five children.

John F. Sullivan died at his home at Saint Albans, Vermont, on May 20. He was one of the founders of the Legion in the Green Mountain State, and was a charter member of Green Mountain Post No. 1; Department Commander in 1920-21; National Executive Committeeman, 1922-23; National Vice Commander, 1941-42. Member of important committees in the National Organization since 1923, Legionnaire Sullivan was best known for his service as a member of the Legion's Labor Relations Committee as the Labor representative. For many years he was an active Labor Union official, and in a busy life found time to serve as Mayor of his home city. He was a retired Central Vermont Railway conductor.

BOYS NATIONAL FORUM TO BE HELD AT WASHINGTON

The fourth annual Boys' Forum of National Government, organized and sponsored by the Legion, will be held on the campus of American University at Washington, D. C., the week of July 29-August 4.

The 96 enrollees who will represent the 48 Boys' States held in 1949 will be housed in three University dormitories and will take their meals, home style, in the University dining hall. Led by National Commander Perry Brown, President Harry S. Truman will receive the Forum at the White House on August 3. Other highlights in high official circles will be personal receptions by Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, Secretary of State Dean Acheson, and Attorney General Tom Clark and other high ranking officials of the Federal Government.

The Federal training program will also include visitations to shrines and historic spots in and near the nation's capital city, party conventions, a national election, a special Forum Senate session at the Capitol, dining and mingling with United States Senators and Representatives, a trip to the U. S. Naval Academy, laying a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, a press dinner with a program provided by radio commentators and press officials of national fame, visits to the U. S. Supreme Court, the FBI, and other feature events.

★ ★ LEGIONITEMS ★ ★

Forty-Niners Post No. 49 of Albuquerque is the first all-women Legion unit to be organized in the Department of New Mexico. Plans embrace an all-State membership, says Mrs. Lee Coburn, but as the movement strengthens other Posts will be organized. . . . 2nd Division Post No. 27, Baltimore, Maryland, made a dual selection for the first time this year in the annual award of its Medal of Valor to Coast Guardsmen who have performed outstanding deeds of heroism during the preceding year. Winners for 1949 were Albert E. Morris, Boatswain's Mate 3cl, USCG, of Wyandotte, Michigan, and Edward D. Phelps Engineman 2cl, of Vancouver, Washington. Presentation of medals was made by Post Commander Howard E. Townsend on April 23.

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Few Post Commanders have the privilege of inducting five brothers into the Legion in the same ceremony, but Harry Melcer, Commander of Maco Stewart Post No. 20, Galveston, Texas, had that honor. The brothers are Arthur, Anthony, Amedeo, Santo and John Trimarchi. . . . The Cannan family of Lowville, New York, beats the Trimarchis by two—six sons and one daughter, all members of the Legion. Bernard, Kenneth, Robert, and Doris, Nurse, are members of the home Lowville Post No. 162; Francis, Rome (New York) Post; Richard, Lancaster (New York) Post, and Donald, Army and Navy Post No. 61, Watertown, New York.

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In late March the Joseph E. Zaloga Post No. 1520, Albany, New York, conducted double funeral services for MM2e Joseph E. Zaloga, for whom the Post was named, and his brother, Pfc. Edward Zaloga, both killed in action in WW2. . . . The Past Commanders Club, Chicago, Illinois, is campaigning to raise \$15,000 in order to accommodate 500 youngsters this summer at its boys' camp near Coloma, Wisconsin. Last year the camp handled 225 boys for two weeks each at a cost of about \$30 per boy. . . . Each year a simple, though very significant, service is observed at Natick, Massachusetts, when Edward P. Clarke Post No. 107 conducts the "Transfer of the Flags." Back in 1923 the Post presented a silk flag to each school in Natick; at each school a pupil was selected to have custody of the colors for one year as standard bearer. Selection for this post of honor is based on scholarship, leadership and the qualities of good sportsmanship and citizenship. At the last school session before Memorial Day the flags are transferred to a new standard bearer in a colorful mass ceremony.

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Celebrating its 30th anniversary, Englewood (New Jersey) Post No. 78 burned the mortgage on its club house

purchased in 1945, thus ending a \$12,000 debt. The Post has 376 members and, now out of debt, is ready to go places on a broader program, Commander Fred Wittich announces. . . . Annual mass initiation inducting 82 new members was held in mid-May by Robert L. Hague Merchant Marine Industries Post No. 1242, New York City. The initiation team of the Kings County 40 and 8 conducted the ceremony. . . . Alexander City and Dadeville Posts, of Alabama, each contributed \$125 as prize money to the Tallapoosa County winner in the American Legion High School Oratorical Contest. Americanism Director Claude Haygood reports that this is the highest award offered in any county in Alabama.

CALENDAR OF IMPORTANT LEGION EVENTS IN JULY

- 2-5 West Virginia Department Convention, Wheeling
- 3-5 South Carolina Department Convention, Greenville
- 3-5 Alabama Department Convention, Mobile
- 4 Independence Day
- 14-16 Wyoming Department Convention, Lusk
- 15-16 Delaware Department Convention, Dover
- 15-17 Louisiana Department Convention, Baton Rouge
- 18-20 Nebraska Department Convention, Omaha
- 23-26 Tennessee Department Convention, Chattanooga
- 24-26 Arkansas Department Convention, Fort Smith
- 25-27 Montana Department Convention, Butte
- 25-27 Idaho Department Convention, Weiser
- 27-30 Arizona Department Convention, Nogales
- 28-30 New York Department Convention, Buffalo
- 28-30 Vermont Department Convention, Bennington
- 28-30 Connecticut Department Convention, New Haven
- 28-30 Massachusetts Department Convention, Boston
- 28-30 District of Columbia Department Convention, Washington
- 28-31 Michigan Department Convention, Detroit

Philadelphia (Pennsylvania) Pilot's Post No. 968, whose members are all rated pilots, has inaugurated a free emergency and disaster service of flying medical supplies to any point within a 200-mile radius of its home city. This emergency work will be conducted from Philadelphia Skypoint under the direction of Arthur Bowley. The Post plans to secure an ambulance plane later, to be operated free in emergency cases by the Post members. . . . Army and Air Force Post No. 62, Washington, D. C., formally dedicated its colors in the auditorium of

the Pentagon on Army Day. . . . Thomas Montgomery Post No. 431, Newcomerstown, Ohio, has just completed 23 weeks of free movies for children, as a part of its community-youth program. The Post has pledged \$7,500 to build a bath house in City Park, which is now under construction, and, jointly with the B.P.O.E., financed a 2-way radio for the police department and an oxygen tent for the fire department.

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Dedicated to the memory of seven young men who died in WW2, all sons of members, John Coleman Prince Post No. 9, New London, Connecticut, formally opened its new home on May 4. The 30-year-old Legion unit has held its meetings in rented quarters. Inscribed on the memorial plaque are the names of Charles R. Buell, William E. Carlson, Leon E. Forsyth, Ralph E. Good, Jr., Charles E. Griffith, Harry E. Holder, Jr., and Matthew B. Perry. . . . Legionnaire Robert Collard, a wheel chair veteran of Post No. 801, Sacramento, California, was presented with a Silver Life Membership Card for outstanding Legion service. Ceremonies were conducted by officers of the Post and the 6th Legion District of California. WW1 vet with six battle stars, Legionnaire Collard had three sons in service in WW2.

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Oliver-Russell Post No. 105, Centerfield, Utah, revived that good old standby, "Lena Rivers," for its spring home talent play. . . . Governor Alfred E. Driscoll, New Jersey, officially presented the colors of Mercer County Post No. 447 to Commander Marie Thompson in a striking ceremony in the State House Assembly chamber on April 28. The unit is composed of all women veterans, organized in 1947. When they marched in to receive their colors, the 21-gun Governor's salute was fired by a battery of the New Jersey National Guard. . . . Kings County (New York) Legion organization and Long Island University have completed preliminary arrangements for joint sponsorship of an oratorical contest. Winner gets a scholarship in the University.

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Because of an American soldier's friendliness and good fellowship while in WW2 service abroad, his likeness has been preserved in a stained glass window in Saint John's Methodist Church, Glasgow, Scotland. The soldier is Joe Bage of Dendron, Virginia, now Legionnaire Joe Bage of Surry County Post No. 160, Surry, Virginia. . . . In early May, Medford (Massachusetts) Post No. 45 initiated a class of 75 new members, the second large class inducted within a month. . . . Celebrating the Legion's 30th anniversary and the 30th anniversary of the Washington Apple Blossom Festival, Wenatchee (Washington) Post No. 10 and Auxiliary banqueted the Apple Blossom Queen and all the Apple royalty. . . . East Liverpool, Ohio, Legionnaires celebrated Memorial Day by laying the cornerstone for a \$200,000 American Legion home.

HOUSE PASSES WW PENSION MEASURE—NOW IN SENATE

(Continued from page 30)

pension or compensation withheld from an incompetent veteran while hospitalized when released as a competent veteran.

The Senate also passed S. 811, to adjust the effective date of certain awards of pensions and compensations payable by the Veterans Administration. This bill is designed to take care of cases of veterans and dependents of veterans who, due to being interned or other war conditions, were not able to make application for compensation and pensions. In these cases, when a claim is approved, the compensation or pension would start as of the date of application. S. 811 would provide that such compensation or pension would commence on the date the same would have started had conditions not prevented prompt filing of application.

Americanism

Chairman James F. Green, of the Nation Americanism Commission, testified before the Senate Committee on Judiciary in support of S. 1194 and S. 1196, which are bills similar to the Mundt-Nixon Bill of the 80th Congress to regulate and curtail Communist activities in the United States.

At a subsequent hearing of the Senate Judiciary Committee, Chairman Green testified as to the support of The American Legion of the bill S. 1694, which would give the Government authority to refuse entry into the United States of members of the Communist party or any other subversive organization, and to deport any such undesirable aliens.

Housing

The House Committee on Banking and Currency favorably reported the so-called "Housing Act of 1940," H. R. 4009, with amendments. This bill is similar to, but differs in some respects from the Senate-approved bill, S. 1070. It provides for a program of 1,050,000 federally-financed low-rent housing units over the next 7 years.

The President signed The American Legion Bill H. R. 2440 to authorize the Public Housing Commissioner to sell the suburban resettlement projects known as Greenbelt, Maryland; Greendale, Wisconsin; and Greenhills, Ohio, without regard to provisions of law requiring competitive bidding or public advertising (Public Law 65—81st Congress).

National Security Training

A special subcommittee has been appointed by the Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee to go into thoroughly and investigate the entire plans and program relative to the Reserve components, ROTC, etc. Maintaining that National Security Training (UMT) is a vital part of any overall civilian training program, the National Legislative Director filed a request with Representative Dewey Short (Mis-

NEW TROPHY FOR SERVICE IN RETURN OF WW2 DEAD

Conditions for award of the Mancel Talcott Trophy for the most outstanding service in the Return of the War Dead Program has been announced by National Headquarters. This trophy is to be awarded for permanent possession to that Post of the Legion which, in the opinion of the judges selected by the National Commander, has performed the most outstanding service in this program.

Presentation will be made at the Legion's National Convention which follows the officially declared close of the Government's war dead return movement. The trophy, offered for competition by Mancel Talcott, Waukegan, Illinois, the Legion's long-time Chairman of the National Graves Registration and Memorial Committee, is of pedestal type, 29 inches high, with laurel award figure on top, and a wreath and Army figure on each side.

souri), Chairman of the special subcommittee, to permit Legion representatives to appear before the special subcommittee to present The American Legion Plan covering this phase of training, as contained in H. R. 1305 and H. R. 2220.

Merchant Marine

On behalf of The American Legion, Albert B. Stapp, National Chairman of the Legion's Merchant Marine Committee, testified before the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, presenting our recommendations for a strong American Merchant Marine.

Foreign Affairs

Donald R. Wilson, Department Commander, The American Legion of West Virginia, and your National Legislative Director, testified before the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee in support of the Atlantic Pact.

Emblems

The National Legislative Director and Ralph B. Gregg, National Judge Advocate, and Carlos A. Morris, General Manager of the National Emblem Sales Division and James P. Murray, Administrative Assistant of Emblem Sales, of The American Legion, presented testimony to the House Judiciary Committee in support of the following American Legion Bills, H. R. 774, granting a renewal of patent No. 98187 relating to the badge of the Sons of The American Legion; H. R. 775, granting renewal of Patent No. 54296 relating to the badge of The American Legion; H. R. 776, granting a renewal of patent No. 55398, relating to the badge of the American Legion Auxiliary. These bills were prepared by the National Legislative Commission in accordance with Resolution 74, adopted by the November, 1947 Meeting of the National Executive Committee. (Companion Bills, S. 646, S. 647 and S. 676, have heretofore been favorably reported by the Senate Judiciary Committee).

"RED MENACE" GETS GREEN LIGHT FROM LEGION GROUP

In its realistic presentation of the ruthlessness and brutality of communism, Republic Pictures has done a commendable public service in producing a full length, 90-minute film, "The Red Menace." This picture exposes in its grim nakedness the methods used by the commies to seduce, take over and use people who may be a bit confused on economic, race or religious problems. The film also clearly discloses how communism makes capital of group dissatisfactions, and how little the subversives actually care about the problems of the individuals. The objective is the revolutionary and totalitarian schemes.

Unusual in its character, but of such entertainment and educational values as to earn the endorsement of the National Americanism Division of The American Legion, the film was released on June 9. Premier showings were given in Hollywood and Los Angeles, and now "The Red Menace" is available for distribution to all parts of the country. The Americanism Division recommends this picture to Legionnaires, both as a film they ought to see and for showing in local theatres wherever possible.

Missouri Lad is Top Orator

Paul T. Heyne, 17, of Jennings, Missouri, is the winner of the grand \$4,000 college scholarship in the Legion's National High School Oratorical Contest. He climbed to the top in the finals at Philadelphia in mid-April in a contest in which 300,000 student participated. Orator Heyne was sponsored by Lehman-Meyer Post, Concordia, Missouri.

Paris Post to Welcome Visitors

With the return of more normal conditions in France, Paris Post No. 1 is preparing to welcome and to assist, if need be, a record influx of Legionnaires during the coming summer months. Commander C. Denby Wilkes had announced that the Post facilities in Pershing Hall, (49 Rue Pierre Charon), are being expanded to provide a maximum in service and hospitality. And also in the friendly atmosphere of Pershing Hall — equipped with soda fountain, bar and snack bar, unique in Europe — a tourist service is planned.

Memphis Post Initiates 1,000

One of the greatest mass initiations ever staged by the Legion in its 30-year history was held by Memphis (Tennessee) Post No. 1 on the night of April 13th when more than 1,000 new members were inducted into the organization. The ceremonies, says Post Commander Rodney Baber, were colorful and impressive.

The guest speaker was Governor Sidney McMath of Arkansas, young WW2 Marine hero and political machine buster since his return from the wars. George E. Belote, Jr. was chairman of the committee in charge of the event.

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

Co. D, 547th Engineers, WW1 — Service comrades who remember Sergeant William Adams are requested to write his wife, Mrs. Edyth Adams, 2242 Park Avenue, Richmond 20, Va. Aid needed to establish claim.

Ted C. Eberwine — WW1 soldier, organization unknown; enlisted at Chicago, Ill., was first grade chef and may have served as Mess Sergeant; wounded in service, shrapnel. Died at Mount Vernon, Maine. Information required to complete record of service. Did you know him? If so, write Martin R. O'Reilly, Service Officer, Lewiston Post No. 22, Lewiston, Maine.

U.S.S. K2, USN, (WW1) — Shipmates who remember my injuries in fall while on trip to Foyal from 4th Submarine Flotilla base, Azores, in 1918, please write James H. Quinn, 103-58-101 St. Ozona Park 16, N. Y.

USN, San Bueno, Cal. — Will anyone who served with me at above Naval Base, June to September, 1945, please write. Statements needed. William A. Klug, 175 Laurel St., Buffalo 8, N. Y.

U.S.S. Boxer (CV-21) — Donald L. Collins, 801 E. 16th St., North Platte, Neb., was injured aboard ship by a fall about April 2, 1947. Shipmates who remember incident write him, or John P. Beveridge, Lincoln County Service Officer, North Platte, Neb.

Naval Air Station, Quonset Point, R. I. — William Prokocimer, 9 Clinton St., Newark, N. J., suffered severe head injury while playing football about Oct. 12, 1946. Records incomplete; statements needed. Anyone who knows of incident please write veteran above address.

342nd Tank Battalion, Camp Polk, N. C. — Pvt. Wilbur E. Hewitt suffered influenza and other illness while with this unit between November 15 and December 15, 1918. Now needs assistance to establish claim. Anyone serving with him please write Edward M. Mathews, Veterans Service Officer, Box 971, Front Royal, Va.

3rd Armored Division — Calling first-aid man, name and unit of Armored Inf. Bn. unknown, who gave first aid to Captain Wilson W. Van Winkle, Signal Corps, near the Cathedral in Cologne, Germany. While on special mission, he was hit by frag in hand, arm and right side; given field treatment and no record made on casualty list. Write Captain Van Winkle, P. O. Box 666, Chillicothe, Mo.

Co. F, 314th Motor Supply Train (WW1) — Statements urgently needed from service comrades to establish claim; gassed and had asthma; driver Pvt. in Meuse-Argonne Battle and later at Coblenz. Write John P. Dillon, 134 Meserole Ave., Brooklyn 22, N. Y.

U.S.S. Buford, (WW1) — Urgently need to contact Jack Hanley, GM, ex-Terre Haute, Ind.; Willie Blow, Bugler, N. Y. City; Jerry Breen, QM, and W. Beaudro, S 1/c. Statements needed. Write Vincent (Mickey) Earley, 1561 E. 66th St., Brooklyn 34, N. Y.

Station Hospital, Camp Roberts, Cal. — Will the medical officer in charge of above hospital in April, 1945, please write. Statement needed. Arlie LeRoy Hutton, 5433 Brittian St., Long Beach 8, Cal.

Battery E, 313th F.A., 80th Division, (WW1) — Anyone who remembers Forest Harrison Hall at Camp Lee, Feb. 11 to March 29, 1918, please write his widow, Florence M. Hall, 3013 W. Dakota St., Philadelphia 32, Pa. Urgent; statements needed by July 15th.

USNAF, Mercer Field, Trenton, N. J. — Service comrades who can give names of Medical Officer or Corpsman at field please contact Anthony P. Andriolo, 639 W. Christopher St., Orange, N. J. Help needed to establish claim; medic record lost.

753rd Ry. Bn — Information is requested from members this unit relative to Alfred Bellamy, who was carried to and from work during action in Italian campaign. Needs help in claim for pension. Address Douglas G. Pearcey, Service Officer, Clewiston, Fla.

364th Fighter Group — Men who went overseas with this group or transferred to France at same time are requested to write. Statements needed. Delmar J. Hamiel, Box 924, Reliance, S. Dak.

U.S.S. White Marsh (LSD-8) — Shipmates of the 1st Division, especially Phma Beckman and Dr. Zinn, in 1944 and 1945 please write. Need statements. James H. Smith, Route 1, Graham, Ala.

U.S.S. Intrepid — Was injured in accident at Guam Sept. 17, 1945; shipmates between May 2, 1944, and Oct. 1945, especially a sailor nicknamed "Chory," please contact me. William Reentz, Green Lake, Wis.

U.S.S. Colorado — Earl Lewis Hopkins served aboard between August, 1929, and April 28, 1933; was injured by a shipmate during mess. Information on this incident is urgently needed by his widow to prove claim. Shipmates please write Mrs. Hazel G. Hopkins, 521 Pioneer Ave., Kent, Ohio.

Co. G, 127th Ord. Base Depot Regt. — Men who remember when I fell from truck, about March 30, 1943, while stationed at L.A. Fair Grounds,

Pomona, Cal., please write. Especially need statement of 1st Lt. Charles G. Grant and 1st Sgt. Wetzel, William F. Delphy, P. O. Box 341, E. Pasadena 8, California.

Co. M, 349th Inf., 88th Div. — Need to hear from men with me when I was wounded in Italy, Oct., 1944. Especially Sgt. Driskle, later of 349th Replacement Pool. Samuel J. (1ke) Dearing, Rt. 2, Franklin, Ga.

Troop K, 7th Cavalry — Service comrades at Fort Bliss in 1918 please contact me. Need help to prove claim. Royal S. Miller, Route 2, Berryville, Va.

840th Police Sqdn — Calling Paul Renish, corporal, who was with outfit at Westover Field, Mass., in 1942 and 1943. Believed to have lived at Scranton, Pa., after discharge. Veteran or anyone who knows him write George W. Ullrich, County Service Officer, Waterloo, N. Y.

28th Bomb. Sqdn., 19th Bomb. Group — Ed J. Schneider, radioman on B17, body found in New Guinea. Anyone who knows about death of this man, please write. Purpose is to settle insurance claim for mother. Carson Schlosser, Service Officer, 701 S. Franklin St., Garrett, Ind.

Co. I, 125th Inf., 32nd Div. (WW1) — Anyone who served with Harry Hudson Freeze, please write. Purpose to establish claim for his widow. Carson Schlosser, Service Officer, 701 S. Franklin St., Garrett, Ind.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Society of the 1st (Infantry) Division — 28th annual convention at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia, August 26-27, 1949.

1st Marine Division — 2nd reunion at Hotel Astor, New York City, August 6, 1949. For info write Nathaniel T. McGrane, Chairman, 324 Brower Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I., N. Y. Former members send current addresses to Resident Secretary John I. Fitzgerald, Jr., P.O. Box 69, Boston 14, Mass.

2nd (Indian Head) Division Assn. — Informal reunion during American Legion Convention at Philadelphia, Aug. 29-Sept. 1. Command Post at 263 S. 22nd St. for purpose of registration and getting former Indians together.

3rd Armored Division — National Convention at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, July 1, 2. Big time show will feature the meet. Contact Paul Corrigan, 80 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass. 4th (Ivy) Infantry Division (Both WWS) — National reunion at Toledo, Ohio, September 1-4. Contact Mrs. Canelli, C/o Toledo Convention and Visitors Bureau, 218 Huron St., Toledo 4, Ohio. 12th Armored (Hellcat) Division Assn. — 3rd annual convention at Louisville, Ky., September 3-5. Details from John J. Collins, Exec. Secretary, 21 Brushton Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

29th Infantry Division Assn. — Annual convention at Washington, D. C., September 2-5. Headquarters, Washington Hotel. Information from John A. Ager, Secy.-Treas., 1765 New York Ave. NE, Washington 2, D. C.

36th (Texas) Infantry Division — Annual reunion, both WWS, at Waco, Tex., Sept. 9-11. Write 36th Division Assn., P.O. Box 2174, Capitol Station, Austin, Texas.

41st (Junglers) Infantry Division — First assembly and reunion, WW2, at Portland, Ore., July 15-17. For information and reservations contact Mike A. Trapman, Commander, 41st Division Post, American Legion, 5932 NE Glisan, Portland 13, Ore. Reservations, \$6 to cover entertainment and other expenses.

43rd (Winged Victory) Infantry Division — Annual reunion at Fort Varnum, Narragansett Pier, R. I., September 9-11. Information and reservations from George E. Cole, State Armory, Hartford 6, Conn.

80th (Blue Ridge) Division Assn. — Annual reunion at Richmond, Va., August 4-7. Headquarters, John Marshall Hotel. For details write Glenn E. Jordan, 2721 Fendall Ave., Richmond 22, Va.

90th (TO) Division, Indiana Chapter — Reunion, both WWS, at Hotel Severn, Indianapolis, Ind., September 3, 4. For details write Russell L. Dilts, Secy.-Treas., Indiana Chapter, 116 West South St., South Bend 1, Ind.

104th (Timberwolf) Infantry Division — Reunion, New York City, September 3-5. Headquarters, Hotel Commodore, where all sessions will be held. Howard S. Bedney, National Secy.-Treas., 140-10 Franklin Ave., Flushing, L. I., N. Y., will furnish info and details.

National Organization of World War Nurses — Annual reunion at Philadelphia, Pa., August 29-September 1, with National Convention, American Legion, Reunion breakfast at Hotel Bellvue-Stratford, Aug. 30, 8 a.m. Contact Miss Anne E. McCarthy, Chairman, 295 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Naval Air Transport Service — Reunion in conjunction with Legion National Convention, Philadelphia, Aug. 29-Sept. 1. All former NATS men contact Leo P. Mullen, 133 Eagle St., Albany,

N. Y., or Wm. J. Connally, 378 3rd Ave., North Troy, N. Y., for details.

National Association of American Balloon Corps Veterans — Gasbaggers will hold 18th annual reunion with Legion National Convention, Philadelphia, Aug. 27-31. Headquarters, Hotel Sheraton. For all details contact Craig S. Herbert, 3333 North 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Marine Aviation Force Veterans Assn. (WW1) — Reunion at the Hotel Statler, Washington, D. C., November 16. Address E. V. Brumfield, Chairman, 14 Carvel Road, Washington 16, D. C.

U.S.S. Montour, APA 101 Club — Reunion at Penn-Sheraton Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 5-7. Make reservation direct with hotel. For further information contact George C. Love, Box 175, Warren State Hospital, North Warren, Pa.

9th Air Force Veterans Group — Reunion and convention, Stevens Hotel, Chicago, Ill., July 1, during the Air Force Assn. Convention. Make reservations direct, addressed Air Force Assn. Convention, Hotel Stevens, Attention-Reservations.

Battery A, 489th AAA — Reunion at Hotel Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 23. For reservations and information contact Bill Wieser, 63-B, Boone Drive, Turtle Creek, Pa., or Al Buti, 3311 Auburn St., McKeesport, Pa.

510th Bomb Squadron — Reunion at Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 13, 14. For reservations and info write W. Behn, 9941 South Maplewood Ave., Chicago, Ill. Reservation fee \$3 for expenses.

National Yeoman F. — Reunion luncheon at LuLu Shrine Club, 313 South Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa., at 12 noon, Aug. 29. For reservations and info write Mrs. Agnes Spangenberg, 2117 South Frazier St., Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Special Service Force Association (U. S. Canadian) — Reunion at Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 5, 6. For info write Robert T. Plunkett, Secretary, P. O. Box 442, Helena, Mont.

60th Ry. Engineers Assn., AEF (and Auxiliary) — Reunion at Little Rock, Ark., July 14-17. Headquarters, Hotel La Fayette. Contact D. E. Gallagher, Chairman Arrangements Committee, 812 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.

90th F.A. Battalion — Reunion at Hotel Commodore, Toledo, Ohio, July 1-3, with annual meet of 315th Infantry Association. Information from Dr. S. I. Rosenthal, 421 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Scranton 3, Pa.

U.S.S. Bremerton, CA-130 — Reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17. Contact Anthony Coutsoumbis, 823 Bluff St., Pittsburgh 19, Pa. Phone Co. 2534.

149th Engineer Combat Bn. — Reunion at Ambassador Hotel, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 3-5. Write Robert H. Miller, 4444 Norlidge St., Kansas City 1, Mo., for details.

52nd Tel. Bn., Signal Corps — Members interested in a reunion at Philadelphia during Legion National Convention, Aug. 29-Sept. 1, write G. R. Jones, 6903 Greene St., Philadelphia, Pa.

234th F.A. Bn. (Helpmate) — Annual reunion, La Bagh Woods, Cicero and Foster Ave., Chicago, Ill., July 3. Write Ronni Polson, 1108 Leland Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

U.S.S. Sterlet SS 392 — Reunion at Washington, D. C., latter part August or first of September. For further information write Matt Kane, 1754 Mass. Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

39th Engineer Regiment (C) — Reunion at Indianapolis, Ind., July 2, 3. Write John W. Bracken, Box 103, Laporte, Ind.

15th U. S. Engineers — Reunion and picnic, West View Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 9. Mothers and wives will serve picnic supper at 5 p.m. Further info from Nedra M. Duncan, Secretary, 1238 S. Braddock Ave., Pittsburgh 18, Pa.

26th Engineers, (WW1) — Annual reunion at Philadelphia during Legion National Convention, Aug. 29-Sept. 1. Contact A. A. Fricks, Secy.-Treas., 246 S. Orange Drive, Los Angeles 36, Cal.

Hqrs. and Hqrs. Co., 10th Armored Div. — Reunion at Lexington Hotel, New York City, Aug. 18-20. Write John F. Valley, 13 Montgomery Ave., Prichard, Ala.

306th Inf. Assn., and 77th Div. Outpost — Reunion during Legion National Convention, Philadelphia, Aug. 30, 31. Headquarters, V.F.W. Club, 173 W. Cumberland St. Information from Frank Galgan, 28 E. 39th St., 77th Division Club, New York City, or Frank Hughes, 1511 W. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa.

3rd Ind. Inf. and 137th F.A. — 20th annual reunion at Albion, Ind., July 31. Info from Cary A. Davis, Chairman, Albion, Ind.

Co. F, 4th Virginia Infantry — (Former Suffolk Grays, WW1) — Annual reunion at Suffolk, Va., Aug. 20. Write R. W. Glaus, Secretary, 894 Boteourt St., Norfolk, Va.

54th Signal Bn. — Annual reunion, Santa Cruz, Cal., over Labor Day weekend, Sept. 3-5. Contact David H. Farrari, 312 National St., Santa Cruz, Cal.

588th Signal Depot Co. — Reunion at Roosevelt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 12-14. Write D. A. Sweet, 6235 Vetter Place, Pine Lawn 20, Mo.

U. S. Army Ranger Battalions — Members of all six Battalions will hold reunion at Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 12-14. Write Bill White, Secretary, Arborway Court Apts., 9 Saint Ann St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

12th Co., 2nd Regt., A.S.M. (WW1) — Reunion at Palmer House, Chicago, Ill., July 2-4. Contact E. P. Martin, Wooster, Ohio, or Bob Baker, 4141 Fletcher St., Chicago 41, Ill.

(Continued on page 36)

PERMANENT HOME BEING BUILT FOR SCOUT TROOP

Venice, Illinois, Scout Troop No. 1, sponsored by Venice-Madison Post No. 307, is to have a home of its own after 32 years of meeting in barns and the public school buildings. A red granite structure, 26 by 40 feet, is under construction and is expected to be ready for occupancy by late summer or early fall. The building is under direction of the Fifty-Fifty Club of Venice, and is located on property owned by the sponsoring Legion Post. It is estimated to cost about \$15,000 when completed.

The Fifty-Fifty Club, headed by Walter Simmons, was organized by the Legion's Ways and Means Committee and is composed of 90 Venice men whose goal is to raise the money and see that the Troop home is completed on time.

Organized in April, 1917, the Troop has operated under various sponsorships until taken over by Venice-Madison Post two years ago. The present plan is to raise the membership of the Troop, Cub Pack and Seniors to a total of 120 boys.

NEW MOBILE UNIT GATHERS BLOOD FOR OHIO VETERANS

Thanks to the determined effort of District Commander Milton M. (Mike) Donahue the 3rd Legion District of Ohio has a new mobile blood bank in service. It is collecting blood throughout west central Ohio for the free use of veterans needing transfusions at Brown Hospital of the Dayton VA Center.

Last summer when Commander Donahue learned that the hospital was having difficulty in getting an adequate supply of blood, he determined to do something about it. An SOS brought Legion volunteers who came direct to the hospital. But that was a hard way—the better way seemed to be to get it where the donors lived. A mobile blood bank was the answer.

Like most Legionnaires, Commander Mike works for a living. He faced the problem with the knowledge that neither he nor others in the organization could buy the necessary equipment and hire competent technicians to operate it. So he tackled the matter as a co-operative effort.

Technicians at Brown Hospital made the sketches. Trotwood Trailers, Inc., built the trailer with necessary beds, tables, and space for a refrigerator, and members of Dayton Post No. 5, many of whom are employed in a refrigerator-making plant, chipped in to buy the essential freezing unit at rock-bottom cost. Dayton's Borchers Ford Agency agreed to furnish a car whenever this trailer is moved.

The project is not competitive with other blood-gathering agencies, but it does assure Brown Hospital of a blood supply for needy veterans—and plenty of it.

SHANGHAI POST SUSPENDS WHEN REDS INVADE CITY

General Frederick Townsend Ward Post No. 1, of Shanghai, China, one of the old established outposts of the Legion, has weathered the storms and strife of wars and revolutions through many turbulent years, beat the Reds to the punch in the recent capture of the city by the communist forces.

The Legion did not go underground. It merely suspended activities and forwarded all records and equipment to the National Headquarters at Indianapolis for safekeeping. However, according to a notice sent out by Commander O. R. Fitz to the 148 members, the Post will not lose its identity. Dues for all active members on the 1948 rolls were paid out of the Post treasury.

"This action does not mean that we are going out of existence," said Commander Fitz, "nor does it mean that the officers and members will not aid and assist the American community, Legionnaires and veterans whenever they can. We consider it wise to curtail our activities until conditions appear more settled."

CALIFORNIA POST ADOPTS LIFE MEMBERSHIP PLAN

George Washington Post No. 114, of San Francisco, California, has adopted a life membership plan for its members, based on the purchase price of Series F United States Savings Bonds. Under this plan it is believed that continuous membership in the Post may be obtained at much less cost than would be paid on an annual basis during the lifetime of a member.

The plan is made possible, says Legionnaire Floyd F. Helmick, by dividing the membership into eleven groups arranged by life expectancy years. The plan also establishes a fund to guarantee payment of the Department and National per capita tax. The by-laws also include a provision that on the death, resignation, transfer or expulsion of any life member, the amount of the life membership dues paid shall become permanent property of the Post.

The plan is not as complicated as it sounds, and may be of interest to other Posts seeking a life membership method. An age table has been worked out for each age group. For example: A member born in 1897 holding a 1949 membership card, making application in 1949, would pay life membership dues for the 53-56 year age group, or \$92.50. The rates run from \$22.00 for the 21-25 year group, to \$37 for 67 years and older.

Legionnaire Floyd F. Helmick can be reached at 190 11th Avenue, San Francisco 18, in case any Post would like complete details.

Mrs. Oma Stagnaro, wife of the Commander of Santa Cruz (California) Post No. 64, claims the deep-sea record for poppy sales. She sold 35 poppies on her husband's fishing barge when ten miles at sea.

THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
APRIL 30, 1949

ASSETS

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------|
| Cash on hand and on deposit | \$ 967,787.39 |
| Receivable | 209,414.03 |
| Inventories | 527,500.72 |
| Invested Funds | 959,265.96 |
| Permanent Investments: | |
| Overseas Graves Decoration | |
| Trust Fund | 255,440.11 |
| Employees' Retirement Trust | |
| Fund | 1,039,191.79 |
| Real Estate, less depreciation | 558,936.40 |
| Furniture, Fixtures & Equipment, | |
| less depreciation | 285,548.41 |
| Deferred Charges | 114,282.80 |
| | \$4,917,367.61 |

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Current Liabilities | \$ 267,085.79 |
| Funds Restricted as to use | 199,096.89 |
| Deferred Revenue | 1,367,880.10 |
| Permanent Trusts: | |
| Overseas Graves Decoration | |
| Trust Fund | \$ 255,440.11 |
| Employees' Retirement | |
| Trust Fund | 1,039,191.79 1,294,681.90 |
| Net Worth: | |
| Restricted Capital | 750,128.90 |
| Unrestricted Capital | 1,038,544.03 1,788,672.93 |
| | \$4,917,367.61 |

OUTFIT REUNIONS

(Continued from page 35)

37th Service Group (AAF)—The Will Rogers Field "Boys from Pennsylvania" (including 38th and 50th Service Squadrons) reunion at Harrisburg, Pa., July 16, 17. Inquire of George E. Reed, 621 Bigelow Blvd., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

Service Batteries 194th F.A. and 1st Bn., 185th F.A.—Reunion at Clinton, Iowa, September 3-5. Write Orville N. Seamer, RR 1, Goose Lake, Iowa.

725th Railway Operating Bn.—In conjunction with Entire Military Railway Service Veterans Assn., 3rd annual reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 24, 25. Headquarters, William Penn Hotel. Write Fred J. Popowich, 46-32-66th St., Woodside, Long Island, N. Y.

Co. E, 161st Inf., 25th Division—5th annual reunion, Washington Hotel, Pullman, Wash., Sept. 16, 17. Contact Carlyle Ragsdale, Box 113, Collegate Sta., Pullman, Wash.

785th Engineer Petroleum Distribution Co.—1st annual reunion at Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 13. For reservations write Fred Morris, 1041 Main St., Aliquippa, Pa.

25th Evacuation Hospital, (WW2)—Reunion at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 15. Write Capt. E. T. Kretschmer, Secretary, A.S.M.P.A., 84 Sands St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

274th Armored Field Artillery—3rd annual reunion at Hotel Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio, July 23-24. For info and reservations write E. T. Cuneen, Jr., 19801 Lanbury Road, Warrensville Heights 22, Ohio.

699th Ordnance HM Co.—Reunion, Hotel Seelbach, Louisville, Ky., Aug. 12, 14. Contact C. E. Cook, Box 116, Rt. 2, Shively, Ky.; R. E. Sheetz, 924 Franklin St., Wyomissing, Pa., or F. J. Jones, 668 Vanderbilt St., Brooklyn 18, N. Y.

Battery A, 60th Art., C.A.C. (WW1)—Annual reunion at Marysville, Ohio, Aug. 7. Write R. E. Cook, RR 2, Plymouth, Ind.

56th Pioneer Infantry—Annual reunion at Bloomsburg, Pa., Aug. 6, 7. Contact W. Hess, Secretary, 707 Park St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

316th Infantry Assn.—30th annual reunion at Philadelphia Sept. 30 and October 1, 2. Contact Raymond A. Cullen, President, P. O. Box 1303, Philadelphia 5, or Edwin G. Cleeland, Secretary, 6125 McCallum St., Philadelphia 44, Pa.

109th Engineers (WW1)—Annual reunion at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Oct. 22, 23. Ex-members of outfit not on mailing list, write E. W. Rockwell, Secretary, 1815 Avenue E, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

9th Fighter Squadron, 49th Fighter Group—2nd annual reunion, Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 3-5. For details write Arthur W. Bishop, 121 Northern Ave., Decatur, Ga.

Co. I, 345th Inf., 87th Div.—Reunion being arranged; former members of outfit write Wesley Garrison, 1310½ Ave., Tuscaloosa, Ala., or Donald Campbell, 117 S. Minn. Ave., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

"Taffy Three Reunion"—4th annual reunion of CTU 77.4.3. (USS St. Lo, White Plains, Kalinin Bay, Fanshaw Bay, Kitkun Bay, Gambier Bay, Butler, Dennis, Hoel, Heermann, Johnston, Raymond and Roberts)—vets of Battle of Leyte Gulf—at San Francisco, Cal., October 22, 1949. Write Val Cosper, 800 Mills Bldg., 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Veterans Newsletter

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

July, 1949

MINNESOTA WW2 BONUS: Sixteenth State to authorize payment of a bonus to its WW2 service men and women. the Minnesota Department of Veterans Affairs, St. Paul, is speeding up preparations for a flood of applications....Passed by the 1949 Legislature and signed by Governor Luther W. Youngdahl, the cost is estimated at \$82,000,000....Rates of payment are \$10 per month for domestic service, up to maximum of \$270; \$15 per month for foreign service up to maximum of \$400; home service counted in reaching this maximum....Men in armed forces five years prior to Pearl Harbor are excluded; otherwise any Minnesotan six months in bona fide residence in State before enlistment, induction or commission, who served between December 7, 1941, and September 2, 1945, is eligible.... Maximum payment to next-of-kin of war dead in following order: Unremarried widow; children, parents....Application blanks from Department of Veteran Affairs, St. Paul -- will be ready some time in July.... The stream of checks, it is believed, will start to flow probably in late November.

* * * *

BONUS IN NORTH DAKOTA: Bonus day is coming soon for more than 60,000 North Dakota WW2 veterans....Payments are expected to average \$450 at the rate of \$17.50 per month for foreign service, and \$12.50 for each month of stateside duty--no maximum limitation--between January 1, 1941, and January 1, 1946....Applications will be received after July 1, with processing to start on July 7. ...Out-of-State vets eligible for this liberal bonus may obtain application forms by writing Brigadier General H. L. Edwards, The Adjutant General, Bismarck, North Dakota.

* * * *

IOWA BONUS BLANKS READY: Announcement is made that the Iowa bonus applications are ready for distribution to Tall Corn State eligible WW2 vets....The Act authorizes payment of \$10 per month for home duty, and \$12.50 per month for foreign service, up to a maximum of \$500....Six months bona fide residence in State is required before entering armed forces for service between September 16, 1940, and September 2, 1945. ...Next-of-kin of war dead entitled: Unremarried widow, children, step-children, parents....Application forms from Iowa WW2 Service Compensation Board, Des Moines, Iowa.

GI INSURANCE "BONUSES": VA has been sending out checks for overpayments on GI life insurance (NSLI)....Some considerable number of vets, VA reports, are a bit confused by this surprise "bonus", believing it to be the long-expected and long-delayed dividend payment....No such good luck....These checks are simply reimbursements for overpayments, clearing the decks in order to start the dividend checks rolling out some time next year.

* * * *

MEDAL FOR BERLIN AIRLIFTERS: Creation of a special medal to honor the men who flew the Berlin airlift and helped break the Soviet blockade has been approved by the House Armed Services Committee....It will be called "Medal for Human Action" and will be awarded by the President to "persons serving in or with the armed forces of the U.S. in carrying out the air supply of blockaded Berlin."...Defense Secretary Louis Johnson has awarded Special Certificates of Honor to next-of-kin of 28 Americans killed in this operation....The dead include 25 members of the Air Force, one soldier, one sailor and one civilian.

* * * *

WAVES TO BE SENT OVERSEAS: The Navy has announced that WAVES will be given regular overseas duty next fall in six areas--England, the Caribbean, Panama Canal Zone, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Marianas....Overseas tours will range from 18 to 24 months. ...To date, only five WAVES, all officers, are serving overseas--three in London, one in the Caribbean, and one with the Berlin airlift.

* * * *

"MEET KING JOE": A film with high Americanism values, "Meet King Joe," is being released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for general distribution....Speaking out for democracy in a way that is clear to all through the medium of the animated cartoon, this film examines in a manner both humorous and realistic the role of the American working man. ...He is "King Joe"....The flicker is in the same tradition as last year's popular "Make Mine Freedom"....It was shown to some members of the Legion's National Americanism Commission at the May meeting in Indianapolis and won informal endorsement.

* * * *

NATIONAL GUARD REACHES PEAK: America's largest peacetime National Guard in history reached a total strength of 350,630 officers

and men on May 1....The Guard is organized in every State, the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Puerto Rico....Major General Kenneth L. Cramer, Chief of the National Guard Bureau, (Past Commander of the Connecticut Legion) reported that nine States have a Guard strength greater than 10,000....They are: New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Texas, Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Tennessee.

* * *

MARINE CORPS OCCUPATION MEDAL: The U.S. Marine Corps began distribution of the Navy Occupation Service Medal to its present and former personnel on June 1....This Medal is awarded Corps personnel attached to and serving with organizations of the U.S. Navy in occupation of enemy territories during WW2....Occupation service is defined as: European-African-Middle Eastern area, on and after May 8, 1945; Asiatic-Pacific, on and after September 2, 1945....Appropriate clasps marked "Europe" and "Asia" to denote theatre of service, are authorized. Marine Corps posts, stations, recruiting divisions and reserve districts will issue the Medal to Corps veterans and reservists.

* * *

ARE YOUR FEET MATES? No, that's not a gag--there's a non-profit "mismated" shoe service for veterans and others who have this disability from polio, amputation, injury or disease....This problem confronts thousands, which led to the formation of the National Odd Shoe Exchange as a clearing house....The Exchange does not deal in shoes, but with names of persons of similar ages and tastes in shoe styles who have available, or are seeking "mismates"....Members pay a nominal registration fee....The National Odd Shoe Exchange is operated by Miss Ruth C. Rubin, 6267 Clemens Avenue, St. Louis 5, Missouri, herself a polio victim who started the service as an answer to her own problem.

* * *

SMITHS, JOHNSONS AND BROWNS: Latest count of the VA Central Office master index file reveals 263,000 Smiths; 12,000 of whom are named John; 195,000 Johnsons or Johnstons; 150,000 Browns or Brownes, 6,700 of whom answer to John as their first name, and 130,000 Jones....There are but few names not duplicated in the files....Vets having correspondence with VA about claims or insurance, to prevent confusion, should always use their "C" number in their letters....If no "C" number, then use service serial number, date of birth or other identifying information....A lot of trouble and delay will be avoided if vets will observe this simple rule.

* * *

CIVIL SERVICE APPEAL RIGHTS: The Civil Service Commission has amended its regulations to provide that hereafter veterans who have been separated from Federal positions may, if the Commission recommends

after successful appeal under Section 14, Veterans Preference Act, be restored to duty retroactively to the date the separations were made....Previously, such restorations had to be made as of the date the employees returned to duty....Under the amendment, if the restoration is recommended, it will serve to rescind the order of separation and no new appointment or oath of office will be necessary.

* * *

GI TRAINING FOR 3-WAR VET: Proving that age is no barrier to education and training under the GI Bill, a 74-year-old Navy vet who has seen service in three major wars is studying advanced electronics in a school at St. Petersburg, Florida, under the GI Bill....He is Edward W. Thompson, whose Navy career started in 1889....He was on the U.S.S. Texas in 1898 and saw his first naval action in the Battle of Santiago....After the Spanish-American War he was sent to the Navy Electrical School at Boston Navy Yard, and became an expert, taking on radio as a pioneer....Still pioneering, though retired, he wants to be ready for duty should another war come.

* * *

NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE: Vets of WW2 are again reminded that GI insurance is still available to all who had service between October 8, 1940, and September 2, 1945....Amount of insurance ranges from \$1,000 up to \$10,000 in multiples of \$500, issued in six standard forms of policies in addition to the 5-year level premium term....They are: Ordinary life, 30-payment life, 20-payment life, 20-year endowment; endowment at age 60, and endowment at age 65....Proceeds of this insurance are exempt from taxation, the claims of creditors, and are not liable to attachment, levy or seizure....Insured may name anyone he chooses as beneficiary, and may elect lump sum or monthly payment settlement to beneficiary....Time marches on!....Delay will make the insurance cost more....The Post Service Officer will be glad to help you with your insurance problems, or, if you prefer, write or visit the nearest VA office for forms and additional information.

* * *

FRIDAY, 13th, NO JINX: Out at Ada, Oklahoma, J. J. Davis found a dollar bill in a sack of cow feed....He immediately invested it in a ticket for an American Legion raffle....On Friday, May 13th, he was told that his ticket had won the new Ford Sedan.

* * *

FEW VETS USE UP GI TRAINING: Only two out of every 100 WW2 vets have exhausted their time entitlement for education or training under the GI Bill and Public Law 16....Out of a total of 6,228.707 vets who had entered training only 61,406 used up their full time, while 81,899 disabled veterans have been declared rehabilitated under Public Law 16....Last count showed 2,476,090 vets enrolled in schools or colleges or taking farm or job-training courses.

IS TIME ON RUSSIA'S SIDE?

(Continued from page 11)

All that remained was for the four-power representatives to agree that the service should be re-opened.

I had hopes that within a week orders for German post-war goods would again be moving by cable. I was, you see, using the American conception of time.

The Russians came to the meeting pleasant and smiling. We had become well acquainted and there was the usual exchange of small talk. But when it came to saying "yes" to the re-establishment of the international services, the Russians were adamant.

"It is worth considering," said General Malkov. "One of our representatives will go to Moscow and talk to officials there. Perhaps the next session of the United Nations Assembly will wish to debate the question."

The Assembly would not even meet until the following fall. And, American-like, I had harbored hopes of seeing the service operating within a week!

The incident is typical of hundreds which have made clear what everybody knows by now: the Russians don't want a self-sufficient Germany. But more than that, it demonstrates the difference between the western and eastern concept of time. This difference is something which Americans must come to recognize before we can grasp the magnitude of the cold war we are fighting.

Here in the United States we cherish the motto that time is golden; that time is money; that time must be saved. We wish all our differences with Russia, including our disagreements in Berlin, would be dissolved this week so that we might relax and enjoy the Sunday paper in peace. The American use of time in a hot war has been the thing that has permitted us to remain unprepared until war engulfed us and still—somehow—survive. We wait until the zero hour, then work like mad producing the implements and supplies for war. Our ability to decide quickly and then produce in frenzy amazes the rest of the world. It has brought us through the hot wars. But this is a cold war that won't be won with speed.

Operation of the air lift to save Berlin was a magnificent display of ability to organize quickly and to "do something." It has given Germans, and other Europeans too, increased confidence in Americans. But can we keep providing relief by such heroic measures whenever we run into a crisis?

American aid has kept the little sub-marginal nation of Greece outside the grasp of communism. But will we still be supplying aid to keep Greece free five years from now?

I am sure that the communists would be surprised—and happy—to read a report that we intend to discontinue all foreign aid at the end of 1949. But I think our own people would be more surprised by a report that we intend to continue foreign aid for, say, twenty years.

Since I returned from more than a year in Greece as chief of the American Mission, I have been asked over and over again, "How are we doing over there? Are the Greeks getting back on their feet?" In

the minds of many Americans, you see, one year is a long time—long enough to expect solution of the major difficulties of a small, rocky country with eight million people, and only two-thirds the size of my native state, Nebraska. But to the Russian mind, one year is nothing.

The Russians have learned how not to be in a hurry. Their country reaches to the far east and across it through the centuries the oriental contempt for time has spread. The revolution in their homeland was long in coming and they were willing to wait for it. Since world revolution would be much bigger, is it not to be expected that they will be willing to wait even longer for it?

When the Union of the Soviets first attracted serious notice in this country, its leaders talked of five-year plans. The range of even a five-year plan was so strange to our American minds that we adopted the phrase as a sort of humorous byword. Our biggest campaigns, those for the presidency of the United States, run about 90 days—and we tell each other that they're "long and drawn-out." If your own town stages a 30-day drive for the Community Chest, you find yourself considering the effort interminable.

Yet, here are the Russian communist leaders with their five- and ten-year plans—mere fractions of a whole plan for absorbing the world. We can scarcely believe such a show of patience is real. But it is. The Russians do not expect to see the Red banner floating over the world by 1950. There is plenty of time, and time can be spent in talk that plants again and again the seeds of doubt, unrest, suspicion and discontent.

The communist course for the present amounts to little more than the promotion of chaos—and it's a simple task compared to the one we have handed to our American administrators abroad. The man

who yells "Fire!" in a theatre has a much easier assignment than does the fellow who tries to restore order. And in this case, we, being Americans, expect order to be restored in a hurry. In short, we are attempting to apply hot war tactics to a cold war.

Here at home we need to understand clearly that this cold struggle with communism is a long-time affair. It will demand a most careful and prudent use of American aid. We cannot afford to weaken our own economy and we don't want to pour out all our available strength in the initial round. That means that the scope of our aid abroad must be determined by our long-range ability to pay. In the beginning of our European aid program we have been occupied with getting food and fuel—basic necessities—to our friends abroad. It is time now to give more attention to the kind of aid we offer.

Our American insistence on "hurry up" has already pushed our representatives abroad into a "long range" versus "short range" conflict. This conflict is not understood here at home. It boils down to a question of whether we are to use our aid program to furnish consumer goods—food, gasoline, household gadgets—to improve today's living abroad, or whether it is to be used to bring in industrial machinery, erect power plants, and promote better agricultural methods to improve tomorrow's living abroad.

We need more emphasis on the long-range view. It is not the easy way. It means that our American representatives in Europe will have to say "No," over and over again to the demands of local politicians who are, quite naturally, thinking more of today's cabinet crisis and next week's election than they are of conditions in their countries 10 or 20 years from now.

(Continued on page 40)

IMP-ULSES

By Ponce de Leon



(Continued from page 39)

It is tragic but true that we have already given European people a standard of living they can't afford today. I am not saying that their standard is enviable; I am only saying that hand-to-mouth aid from America has given them a better standard of living than their production warrants at this time.

In Greece, the political leaders, hounded by pressure groups from within their own constituency, were constantly asking me to authorize the use of American aid to boost the living standards of the civil servants and the laboring people. Heaven knows, they should have better living standards but this is not the sole question the American administrator has to consider. His job, as I see it, is to decide which native assets can be built up to permit the natives to improve their own standards of living.

One request that came frequently from Greek government officials was that higher security prices be guaranteed to farmers. I have the greatest respect for the Greek farmers. They are the backbone of Greece. But to have granted that request would have been to use American funds for a better living this year and diverted them from the construction of roads, ports, railroads, and the importation of machinery, all of which can help make the Greek struggle for survival a little easier in the years to come.

The long versus short range conflict

that is going on in Greece and Germany is also going on in France and England, and to a lesser degree in other countries.

Here in America we like to think that the only way communists gain followers is by strong arm methods. Unfortunately, it is not as simple as that. Communism has an appeal to the discouraged and the hungry. It promises food and freedom from want. We can talk all we wish about other freedoms - from fear, of religion, and of speech - but they are intangibles that seem dim and worthless when hunger grips a man. There are times when birth-right seems a small price to pay for a bowl of pottage.

With ECA and the Marshall Plan we have powerful cold war weapons. While the communist talks of food and production, we are demonstrating with tangibles.

But as a new tool of American foreign policy, ECA required new operators and Congress therefore set it up as an independent agency. There must be, however, complete coordination between our governmental agencies dealing with our foreign relations, and that means ECA and the Department of State. At the present time, the President is the only coordinating authority, and he cannot be bothered with details which often are tremendously important.

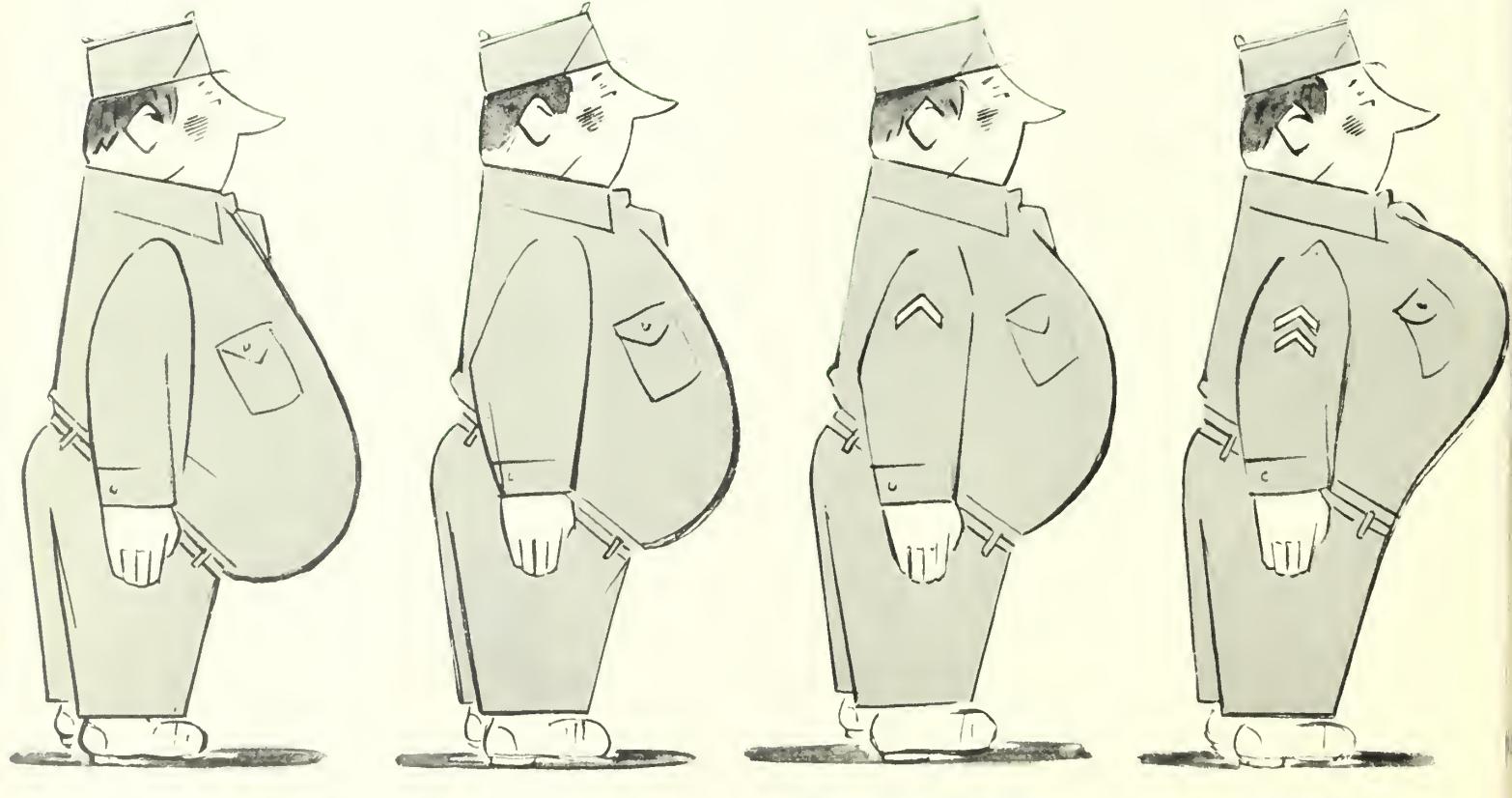
Now that ECA is established, with its important personnel chosen, it should either be taken over in toto as the economic section of the State Department or there should be established a system for

complete coordination. ECA and the State Department must move as one or we risk confusion and conflict between policy and administration. We can't afford that risk.

It is surprising to discover just how closely foreign recovery policy and U.S. business attitudes are related. I had quite an argument in Greece with a representative of the American government on that point. The question had to do with a further development of the Greek airlines. Inasmuch as the Greeks were already being adequately served and because airplanes and parts required use of foreign exchange, I would not approve any diversion of the badly needed dollars to further Greek airline expansion. But another representative of the United States in Greece plugged hard for the expansion program. He admitted that his first concern was to find an outlet for American-made airplanes and the development of more feeders for American-owned international airlines. I could not see, however, and still can't, how his objective would help Greece become a self-sufficient economic unit. I could not see how his plan would help to win the cold war.

I am convinced that the large share of our foreign aid must be spent for equipment and endeavors which enable the recipient nations to stand, at an early date, without our help. To do this, they must be placed in position to produce - and if they produce enough to pay for their necessary imports, they must find

HOW THE NEW



RECRUIT

PRIVATE

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

CORPORAL

an export market for their surpluses. ECA is working hard to break down the trade barriers between the European countries, and the United States must live up to its role as the world's biggest cash customer by likewise accepting goods from abroad. American acceptance of foreign trade is more than a commercial transaction: it is a blow at communism, a stone in the foundation of peace. Moreover, it is a cold war weapon the communists are in no position to use.

Another cold war weapon that we alone can use is to enlist the support of the foreign young men and women who are ambitious enough to seek self-improvement through better education. The cause which gets the support of this type of young person will be the cause which guides the destinies of Europe and Asia in the coming years.

Youth in European countries today sees little to hope for. Let me tell you about a very intelligent Greek girl, an employee of the American Mission.

"What does life hold for me?" she said. "There is no future as things are and it might be that the upset which would come with communism would improve my status."

We want the ambitious intelligent young men and women in these foreign lands to feel that the United States is interested in their advancement. We must give them cause to understand that this great America, with its democratic system, offers them hope for a better future

both individually and for their native lands.

We could accomplish much by a program to exchange thousands of students — foreign students who come to our schools to complete their educations, and Americans going abroad to complete theirs. Both groups will be benefited and they are to be the world's leaders within a few years.

There is a certain ironical whimsy in the political appeal the communists make. It is precisely the same system American politicians have applied domestically with success. I know. I've used it. In campaign talks I strove constantly to impress the individual members of my audience that they — personally — would be better off if I were elected. I claim no originality in this. Every elected United States official has applied the same technique. The commies know a good thing when they see it — they are making similar promises.

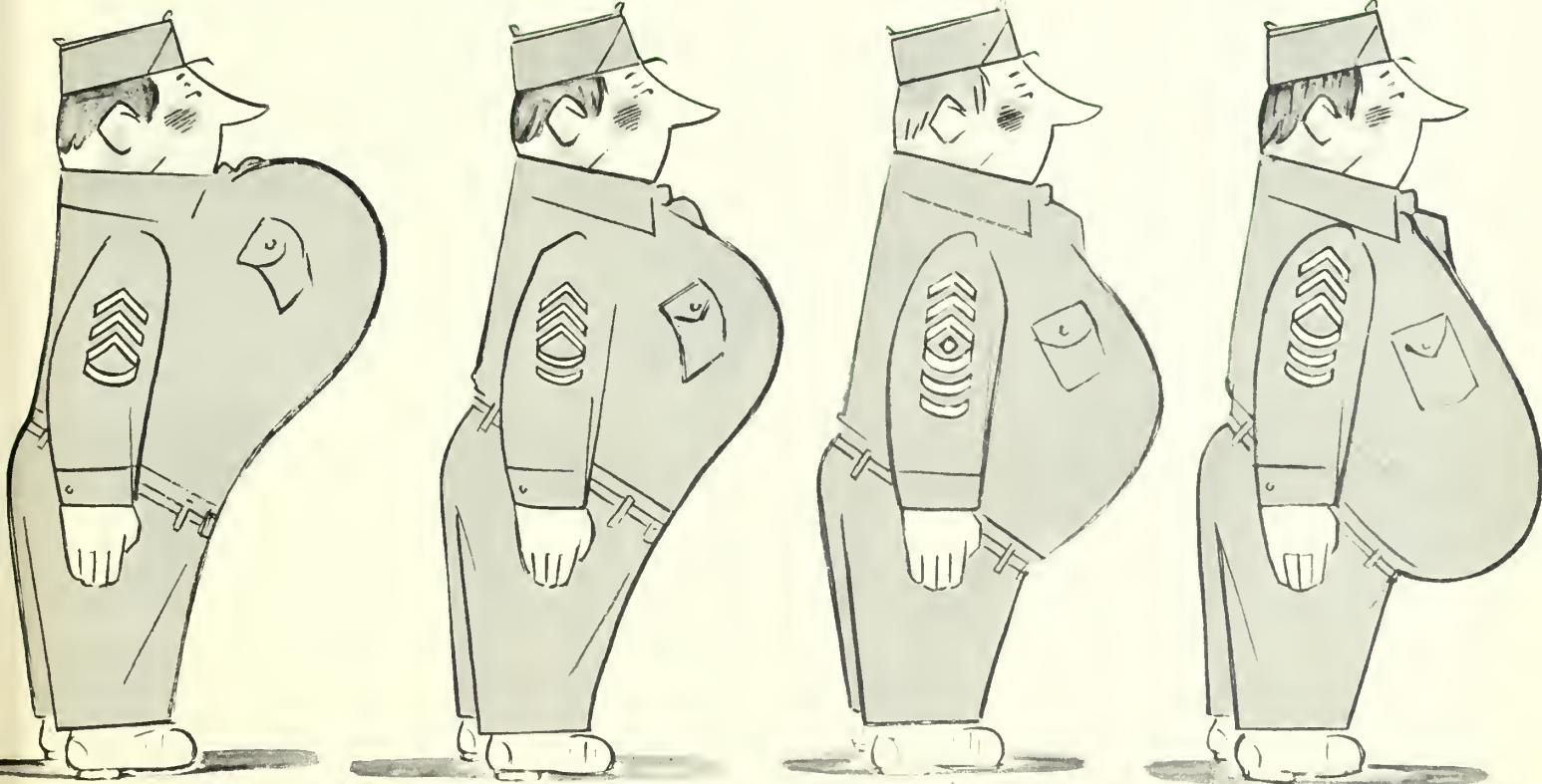
This desire of men for a better way of life can be a strange thing. A very clever "leftist" in Greece set me to thinking about it in a new light. Before he spoke, I had taken two things for granted. I assumed that the presence abroad of American personnel, with their good clothes, their talk of good jobs at home, and their obvious sense of well-being, was serving as a kind of inspiration for the natives. Wasn't this living proof that the "American Way" paid its followers well? And, second I felt sure that the communist representatives appealed rather pitifully in contrast. Wasn't this proof that a life under communism was less desirable than a life under western democracy?

My leftist informer threw me in doubt. He pointed out that the well-dressed, well-heeled, and well-composed American species can tend to increase the dissatisfaction of foreign people with their own lots. Instead of rushing out to work harder to be more like the Americans, they are more likely to grumble and curse their own plight more bitterly. Bitter dissatisfaction is a wonderful climate for communism.

Imagine that you are tired and hungry, and more discouraged than you have ever been before. Before you stands a "Comrade" who says "Come with me and you shall have plenty and be happy." Beside him stands an American — all Americans are considered 'rich' Americans — and he says "Tighten your belt, work harder, work longer hours, produce more and then you will have more." Which sounds more appealing?

I was about to point out to my leftist informant that the "promises" of Communism couldn't be expected to hold their recruits. Then I remembered the unique feature of communism: there is no second chance. As proponents of western democracy we must win every round, every election, but the communists, or so it seems, need win only once. That is the thing that Americans abhor most about communism, I think. We detest its unfair finality. There is no "next election."

ARMY SHAPES UP



SERGEANT

SERGEANT FIRST CLASS

FIRST SERGEANT

MASTER SERGEANT

Two years of experience have taught us that cold war costs for the communists are cheap. The cost of closing the Berlin corridor didn't compare with the cost of the air lift. Communist leaders were able to keep the Grecian poker game going with two-bit antes while we tossed in \$100 bills.

The Russians, however, have their problems, too. They have their enemies. An overwhelming percentage of the German population has an ingrained dislike for the Russians. This ill-feeling for the Russians, whose government is communistic, does not stem from political ideologies. Germans of varying social and educational levels with whom I talked and worked, expressed a contempt for what they were wont to call "Asiatic Mentality." They expect nothing good to come out of Russia. The Turks, also near neighbors that they are to the U.S.S.R., simply don't like the Russians. The feelings of both the Germans and the Turks would not be changed by the kind of government Russia might have. Such animosity does not make the road easy for Russian peddlers of communism. It isn't their product so much as it is themselves.

You can list the Scandinavians, the

Swiss, and the Greeks as pro-American rooters. These peoples, however, are concerned more with the product than with the personalities of the salesmen. All three of these peoples have contributed thousands of citizens to the United States. The Swede's Uncle Einar, the Greek's Brother Nick, and Aunt Gretchen of the Swiss for years have been writing and taking back to the homeland pleasant stories of wonderful America. Their reports are trusted, whereas the claims of either a native Russian or American would be subject to salt. American immigrants and their descendants are the best press agents we have.

Italy might be listed in the "pro-American product class," too, but undoubtedly a more powerful anti-Communist aid in Italy is the great Roman Catholic Church. Three factors, I think, have been particularly effective in bending Italy from Communism — American aid in the Mediterranean area, relatives in America, and the Church, and the greatest of these is the Church.

Even behind the Iron Curtain there are fermentations which might upset Russia's digest of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Hungary. Much has been

said about the mutual affinities of the Slavs. On the other hand, little has been noted of the jealousies among these peoples. Ownership of Macedonia, now part of Greece, with its fertile agricultural areas has been a bone over which Yugoslavia and Bulgaria have growled and snapped for centuries. A green and growing field is something you can see and want and I suspect strongly that Tito's "break" is based largely on his suspicion of Bulgaria. Yes, Russia has her problems also.

We Americans can win this contest. We have the friends. We have the material means. We will have to adjust our sights on time. We will have to put our administrative machinery in order. We must give hope to the young people of recipient nations. We will have to accept a two-way exchange of goods. But to win this cold war we can do these things, and we will.

Expensive? Yes. But far, far less expensive than the defense program that would result from a communist sweep that would come with our withdrawal.

A sure victory? No. It is a contemplated risk, but more than worth taking in the interest of a suffering world. **THE END**

WERE YOU EXPOSED TO TROPICAL DISEASE?

(Continued from page 23)

outside the United States also have it. An epidemic occurred in Chicago a few years ago, striking 1,500 people and killing a hundred, among them the famous night-club entertainer Texas ("Hello, Sucker!") Guinan.

The American Society of Tropical Medicine is actively engaged in warning the medical profession of the prevalence of this hard-to-recognize disease, not only among former members of the armed forces, but in the general population as well. One medic who is wide-awake to the danger is Dr. Tom Mackie, head of the Veterans Administration Tropical Disease Clinic in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. He wages a valiant and successful fight to see that veterans get prompt diagnosis and proper treatment. If you have vague symptoms from your mid-section and your doctor wants to examine you not once but 3 or 4 times, be a patient patient — remember it's a tough job to find the amebas or to be sure there aren't any. If you pass blood in your stools, find out the cause. Maybe you've got a little family of amebas tucked away some place. Don't fool around with home remedies. Go to your doctor and find out for sure. It's worthwhile, for if you harbor amebas, they can be evicted quickly and permanently with a new drug and they have practically never been known to be licked without treatment.

Another tropical disease, schistosomiasis (skis'-to-so-my'-as-is) can do a lot of harm besides breaking the jaws of people who try to pronounce its name. (The only safe way to say it is to sneeze it.) In some parts of the world, it is as common as a cold in the head, but far more dangerous. In many villages on the Philippine island of Leyte, for example, everyone above fifteen years of age has it.

The schistosomiasis parasite kills people by bleeding them to death internally.

Doctors knew but one way to block mass infection; and that was to prevent these blood-thirsty little wretches from getting at our men. But this was far from simple.

Because schistosomes spend their youth in the bodies of fresh-water snails, these little disease parasites may ambush every stream and pond. But no schistosome is content to live his whole life dawdling about with a stupid snail. He knows he'll never get any place that way. So as soon as he's old enough for more ambitious adventures, he takes leave of his indolent host to go swimming about in the water under his own power. Then when some warm-blooded creature like an American

G.I. comes splashing along, he gaily hops aboard and digs in, wondering what it was he ever saw in snails anyway. Months later, he announces his presence by causing either bladder or intestinal hemorrhages.

This disagreeable little pest has been carrying a grudge against mankind for a long time. Its eggs have been found in Egyptian mummies preserved since a thousand years before Christ. Getting trapped in a mummy should have taught the schistosome to let people alone long ago, but it didn't.

Oddly enough, it was beaten in this war — not by any "wonder-drug" — but by the school-room. Hours of lectures, demonstrations and motion pictures showed our troops how to avoid these miserable little snipers.

But the story is told of one tender-hearted soldier who learned his lesson too well. On hearing in a medical lecture that dogs are susceptible to the disease, he tried to protect his mongrel puppy, Gwendolyn, by bathing her in clean water after she had come from splashing in an infected stream. While handling the squirming Gwendolyn, some of the parasites present in the water on the dog's coat penetrated through the skin of his hands. An amused medical officer successfully treated both dog and master. But this was an unusual case; of the millions of American soldiers obliged to live and fight in infested areas, only about 1,500 got schistosomiasis.

Until recently we thought that no American snail could carry the infection to us. But since the war, doctors have found one kind in Louisiana and Texas which can be infected in the laboratory. Even so, the vigilance of public health officials will never permit schistosomes to flourish in American streams. For here, doctors can use a well-known snail-killer,



copper sulphate. Only one part of this blue chemical in a million parts of pond water is all that it takes to send a snail to his slimy ancestors. Nearly all of the unlucky soldiers who did get schistosomiasis during the war have been cured by antimony drugs. And the ever-watchful Veterans Administration is now checking on the few doubtful cases so that another course of treatment can be given if necessary. You can't very well have it without knowing it. If you're not passing blood in either urine or stools, maybe it's just as well not to bother to learn how to pronounce "schistosomiasis" after all.

If you always believed that malaria might doom a man to years of chills and fever, you were right — that is, until the last war. Malaria, laboratory scientists have recently shown, is the perfect example of a "jungle-bug" disease; in fact, at one state its parasites are called cryptozoites (krip'-to-so-ites) meaning "hidden animals." For they may lie in ambush in a man's body for months or years before attacking him.

During the war, every scientist who knew anything about malaria and thousands of others who knew a great deal about putting chemicals together into complex compounds, went to work. One evening in March, 1944, two tired young chemists (both under thirty) peered curiously at a few grains of white powder lying in the bottom of a test tube. Their names were Surrey and Hammer; and the powder they made that day was Aralen.

But how could you tell whether Aralen (or any of the thousands of other preparations which chemists made) was any good? You could find out something by trying it on animals, but animals don't get human malaria. So the final tests on all the promising drugs had to be made on people. There was a call for volunteers — for men who would be willing to let malaria mosquitoes bite them and then let doctors try to cure them with new drugs. Hundreds of inmates of the Illinois State Penitentiary at Statesville — gangsters, burglars, murderers — prohibited from joining the fighting forces, begged for the chance. Three of them betrayed what was in all their hearts by remarks which they made to the doctors when they volunteered: —

"Say, Doc, when's the risky part? That's what I want."

"My sister is a WAC. I certainly don't want to sit this war out while Sis does a soldier's job."

"Maybe people will think there's some good in convicts, after all."

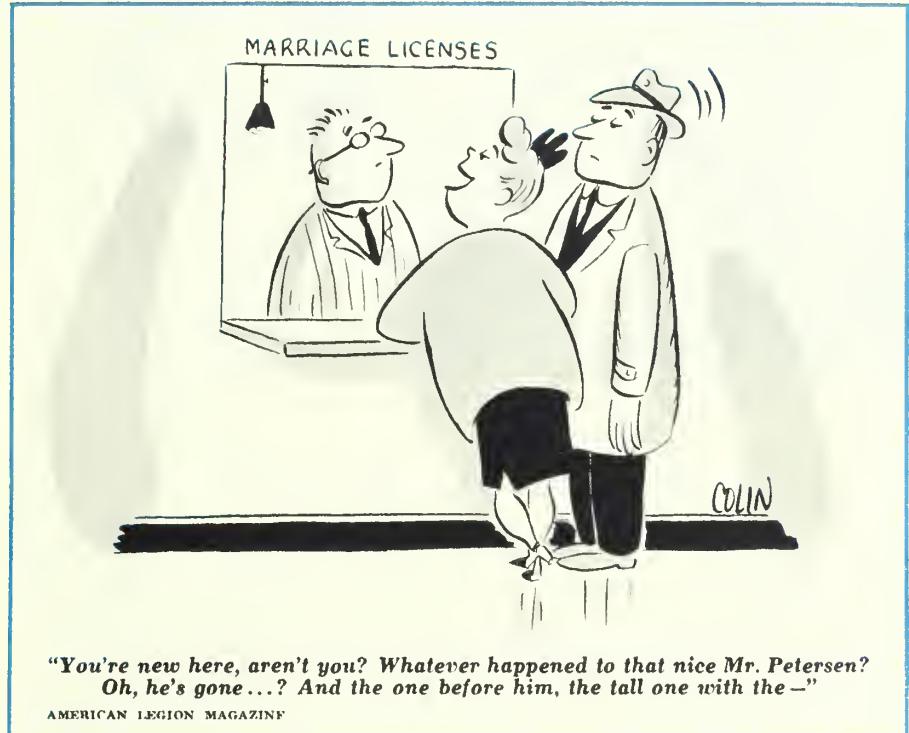
Doctors found, after thorough testing on these human guinea pigs that Surrey and Hammer's Aralen was the most powerful malaria-killer of them all. But the difficulty in treating the chronic kind of malaria is the craftiness of the "hidden animals." When a regiment of them rush out from the tissues into the blood to make an attack, they may leave a reserve force behind where even Aralen cannot reach them. But one dose of Aralen a week will prevent a man with chronic malaria from having any symptoms or suffering any harm until the infection dies out of its own accord.

A few veterans may still have relapses

of malaria acquired during the war, but almost all cases have been cured long ago. Don't dose yourself with quinine or Atabrine when you feel bad. The chances are ten to one that it's not your old malaria coming back. Go to a doctor and find out what's wrong. But if he does tell you to take an anti-malarial drug regularly, take it for the full course. Don't quit just because you feel fine. Remember, the cryptozoites may get you if you don't watch out.

Early in the Pacific struggle, dengue (deng'-u) fever gained the upper hand over our men who were fighting doggedly

virus laughed at everything the Army does could do. Strangely enough, it took the air force, not the medical corps, to tame it. The only hope of cutting down dengue casualties was the insecticide DDT, for dengue, too, is carried by mosquitoes. The frantic army medics put in a plea to the air force "Bomb mosquitoes for a while instead of Japs." Although to skeptical pilots this seemed like carrying pin-point bombing a little too far, they soon learned to fly their planes armed with DDT sprays low over mosquito breeding places, with disastrous results to dengue.



for every inch of island soil. In 1944, it temporarily felled one man out of every seven. There is no known cure for dengue. We do know that it is caused by one of the viruses, those still mysterious something so much smaller than germs that they can be seen only with the powerful electron microscope.

One can almost imagine the dengue virus having a sardonic sense of humor because of the nasty pranks it delights in playing on its victim. It strikes with sudden and terrible fury, laying him low with raging fever, and almost intolerable head and back pains. After a hundred hours or so of this unremitting torture, the virus relaxes its grip and all symptoms disappear. Just when the delighted patient, overjoyed at one or two days of blessed relief, begins to think about getting out of bed and ordering a steak and French fries his tormentor strikes again more furiously than before. All the agonizing symptoms return intensified; his fever climbs higher than ever. But just when the feebly writhing quarry realizes that death is inevitable and begins to welcome its release, he starts to improve! This time, recovery is slow but sure; like no other serious disease of man, dengue never kills.

For months during the war, the dengue

Veterans who have had dengue have nothing to fear. It never comes back; and even if they are exposed to it again, they won't get it because their bodies have become immune.

The war on "jungle bugs" became literally true in the case of still another malady whose name you have to sneeze: tsutsugamushi (tsu-tsug-a-mush'-i) disease. This typhus-like ailment is carried by a little red larval mite that looks like a chigger. When it began to send thousands to the hospital, field commanders ordered the medics to do something about it. But nobody knew what to do. The doctors realized that they couldn't tackle the disease itself, for they had no weapon. So they centered their attack on the mite carrier and it turned out to be a medical free-for-all, with no holds barred and devil-take-the-hindmost. They began by clearing the grass from around encampments so the sun could bake the earth and imprison the little bugs. They designed stifling mite-proof clothing and forced it on sweating soldiers. They sprinkled DDT and sulfur on the ground. They daubed swearing men with smelly chemicals unpleasant enough, they hoped, to repel the most voracious insect. And finally they argued with one another all night as to which method produced the

Best Movie Buy for July



The heart of Bob Hope melts under the persuasions of little Mary Jane Saunders

SORROWFUL JONES — This is Paramount's modern treatment of Damon Runyon's Little Miss Marker which made Shirley Temple famous fourteen years ago. Yet it is so completely different that comparisons are not in order. Comedy prevails with Bob Hope in the top spot with a steady stream of fast paced gags. While the original had Shirley singing and dancing, 5-year-old Mary Jane Saunders does neither. Instead, she plays both the dramatic and the light, her comedy almost putting some of her elders in an amateur class. The great surprise of the film is the excellent way in which

Hope handles the sympathetic and dramatic moments. It proves that Hope is more than a good comedian—that he is a mature actor. He is cast as a tightwad bookie who accepts little Mary Jane as security for a bet. When the child's father is killed, Hope accepts her responsibility. Under her persuasions, his heart melts. Lucille Ball is cast as a night club singer who also softens because of the child. Good scene: The little girl, in a hospital asks to see her horse whereupon Hope brings the steed up an elevator into her room. This film can be recommended for all members of the family.

Also recommended for your list



Claude Jarman, Jr., Raymond Bond, Gloria Grahame in RKO's *Roughshod*

ROUGHSHOD — Claude Jarman, Jr., and ex-Army flyer Robert Sterling find adventure transporting cattle and four dance hall girls across California in 1890, most of the scenes taking place on the open plains. The action revolves around the adventures of Sterling, who is stalked by a killer and his love hindered by his Puritanical standards. An adult film.



Gary Cooper and Patricia Neal star in *The Fountainhead* (Warner Bros.)

GARY COOPER plays an architect willing to make any sacrifice rather than compromise with his modern ideas. Good scene: His defense of these ideas in court. From the moral standpoint, too much emphasis is placed upon the love of a single man for a married woman. Henry Hull and Raymond Massey contribute strong support. An adult picture.

best results. It wasn't spectacular, but it worked. As the war closed, tsutsugamushi disease was rapidly being brought under control.

The red mite disease is never chronic, does not relapse, and it cannot be carried to us by any insect known to be present in America. So no matter where you were in the Pacific, it's a good idea to forget it and worry about something else.

But what of the other deadly tropical diseases that have decimated armies and populations in the past? What of cholera, that has repeatedly swept out of the tropics in great waves, killing men, women and children by the millions? There were 14 cases in the entire army. What of sleeping sickness which had depopulated vast areas of Africa? There were 5 cases. What of plague, the most fatal of all epidemic diseases, that killed 10,000 in the city of Constantinople in a single day? Not one G.I. got plague. What about yellow fever that gave West Africa the name "White Man's Grave"? Not a single case. And so on down the list.

When the war started, few American medics even knew the names of most tropical diseases. But the fellows with the spectacles got the hang of it fast in the army. And now there's hardly a town in the United States as big as the palm of your hand that hasn't at least one doctor who learned a lot on Leyte, Iwo, Okinawa or Luzon. And if he's puzzled, he knows where to go for help. The medical department of the Veterans Administration has the finest tropical disease experts in the world on its staff of consultants. These fellows who really know the answers probably spend more time worrying about the many veterans who think they still have some tropical ailment than about the few who really do.

Don't let ungrounded fears of the future mar your memories of the past — of gently swaying palm trees, white surf breaking on a coral reef, or a red hibiscus nodding in dark hair above a smiling face. Who said that?

THE END



"Oh, George, I'm so glad you're home! This last month seemed like forever."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

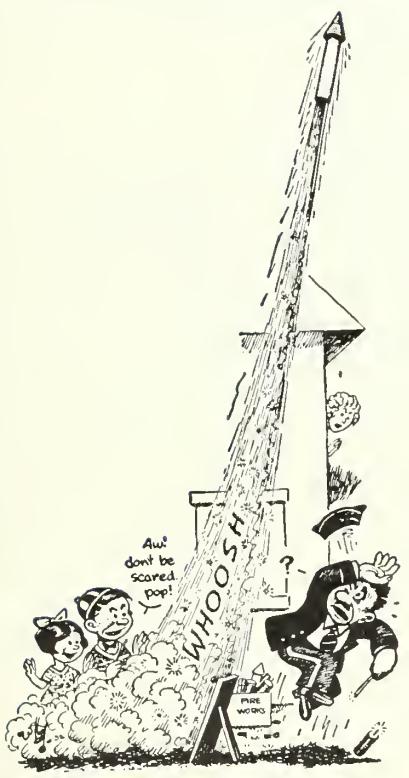
THEY'RE STRIKING IT RICH IN THE MOJAVE

(Continued from page 17)

in with Geiger counters and are searching for carnotite and uranium. These chaps seem quite unimpressed with anything short of radioactive minerals. "Uncle Sam needs uranium," they'll tell you, "and we're here to find it." With a portable counter strapped to their waist, they stalk slowly over the terrain, headphones on, right hand grasping a long detector rod. The sound they long to hear above all others is the metallic click-click-click as the detector rod moves above a radioactive deposit.

Several of these uranium hunters have heard the happy click, and staked their claims, but just what the next move is

WALLY



(From July 1932 A.L.M.)

nobody seems to know. Uncle Sam wants uranium, all right, but the Atomic Energy Commission, which has charge of these things, hasn't made clear to prospectors what disposition is to be made of the ore. And a fair-sized headache exists right now.

But they keep on coming. They hitch-hike in, come in cars and jeeps, on motorcycles, and occasionally fly their own small planes. They have found the latter excellent for patrolling large areas in what they call "sky prospecting." At least one of the boys I talked to — Jim Sommers, ex-navigator in a B-24 — has even more elaborate aerial aspirations.

"A plane is too fast," Jim explained. "You can't get down close enough to see what you're looking for. So I'm bringing in a helicopter. I figure a 'copter will be the ticket for slow, close work — and you

OFF TO CAMP

...with America's First Team!

... leave the desk, the store, the factory, the old home town. MOUNT UP, RESERVIST, MOUNT UP AND MOVE OUT for summer field training!

There is more of everything this year. More unit *esprit de corps*. More equipment for training. More men eager to go. More need for YOU to go because the Organized Reserve Corps has a vital role to play in the Nation's defense.



READY ON THE RIGHT!



... will ring out this summer and nearly 200,000 Reservists will hear the command "COMMENCE FIRING!" Expertness with pistol, carbine, and rifle is still essential for the modern soldier.

Range work with crew-served weapons will keep essential teamwork at high pitch.

New recoilless weapons make every rifleman the equal of a cannoneer. Here's your chance to handle and fire the latest guns in Uncle Sam's arsenal.

READY FOR THE FUTURE, TOO!

... secure your future while you help secure your country. Fifteen days at summer camp mean a lot more retirement credits for you. This in addition to the full pay and allowances of your grade that you receive for field training. Remember also that your retirement pay after 60 is based on the number of credits and the highest rank you have attained. Summer camp gives you more credits—ups your chances for promotion. Don't miss the boat. Plan to go to camp this summer. MOUNT UP, RESERVIST, MOUNT UP AND MOVE OUT for summer field training!

JOIN THE RESERVE!

Become a part of the Nation's most important team — the FIRST team for Peace.



More Reservists in the U. S. Army are needed AT ONCE. Do your part to strengthen our security! Members—stay in. Non-members—join up. Visit your local Reserve Unit Instructor's Office, nearest Post Commander... or the U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station in your locality... for full details. Join up—stay in!

can still cover more terrain in a day than you could on foot in a month."

These GI's, who seem destined to make modern mining history, are, in the majority of cases, grubstaking themselves on their terminal leave pay and GI readjustment allowances. The comparative few who go in broke, find their lot not too difficult, since several GI's have opened up stores selling food and a complete line of mining equipment. Like Chuck Marrone, who owns the Miners Trading Post in Johannesburg. Most of these storekeepers will grubstake a fellow GI with a thin pocket on his promise to pay when he hits it.

Some of the boys take their families to the desert with them, and live in tents, repaired shacks, and even small quonsets. "The desert is a swell place to bring up kids," they say. "Hot sun, clean, healthy air, and not a germ in the whole region." What's more, there's plenty of room — millions of acres of it. That limitless space appeals to men with three or four crowded war years under their belt.

gold braid and plumes, they twirl their batons and hope one day to be high-stepping leaders of bands.

No idle dreams are these — they have substance and every chance of being realized. Under the sponsorship of the Harvey W. Seeds Post of the Legion, the kids are learning all the tricks and twirls from a major-domo extraordinary — Legionnaire William I. (Bill) Allen, nationally known champion. The Miami Twirling Club was started only two years ago, after Bill and his wife watched a similar outfit working out in Racine, Wisconsin. Its expansion has been so rapid that it is now recognized by the American Association of Baton Twirling at Janesville, Wisconsin, as the largest group of its kind in the United States.

Several old ghost towns dot the wide Mojave, like withered old ladies slowly dying in the sun. But this new rush-in-the-making has given the old girls a shot in the arm. Their battered facades are taking on the "new look" supplied by neon lights and bright paint. They're living again, getting ready for the crowds, as in the long-gone boom days. That the crowds will come, weathered old-timers will assure you profanely. They read the signs from past experiences. "Things are bound to pop where there's so damned much activity. Allus does."

But with all the activity and bustle, this rush is being conducted with remarkable common sense. It may lack the glamour and hell-roarin' that characterized earlier stampedes—the crack of .45s, swaggering "bad men," and hoss thieves being strung up to the nearest cottonwood—but there's no dearth of color and excitement. Beer flows freely on Saturday nights in the rehabilitated bars, and from a back room here and there may be heard the stealthy click of dice and soft

whirr of roulette wheels, but there is little serious trouble. Prospecting is no lark. It's mostly back-breaking toil, and youth must have its fling.

While a spirit of fun and comradeship pervades this streamlined post war rehabilitation program, there is noticeable a serious undercurrent, as if these boys mean to bring home the bacon while still enjoying a holiday in the sun. There is no discouragement, even among those who have been there the longest and still haven't hit pay dirt. The gleam in their eyes seems to say, "It's here, all right. And we mean to find it." They won't all uncover wealth, of course, but if they find nothing else they will have harvested a crop of health not obtainable anywhere else, and be ready for the future.

The good old American spirit to win over any obstacle is just as predominant there in the desert today as it was on Europe's battlefields and the Pacific's hotly-contested beachheads. Only this time it is young America going to work, instead of war.

THE END

THEY WANT TO LEAD A BAND

(Continued from page 28)

Any boy or girl between the ages of three and seventeen is eligible for membership, but so far the girls far outnumber the boys. They learn more than fifty tricky maneuvers in five routines that Bill has worked out for them. Beginners start with the simplest of spins and leg passes and work up to such difficult items as finger rolls, leg whip throws, and flash jump butterflies. Meeting once a week on the football field of one of the city playgrounds, the kids mark their progress down the field. The beginners start on the ten-yard line and, as they master each routine, advance to higher groups until they are one of the seniors up near the goal posts at the opposite end. With between eight and nine hundred children turning out for the two-hour class each

week, most of the seniors, and some of the juniors, are assigned as instructors to those who still have a lot to learn. Those who teach the beginners get advanced instruction from Bill after the regular session is over.

The club is open to anyone within the age limits; the only requirement is the desire to learn, plus a baton and a uniform. The batons are sold to the club members at cost, and the uniforms are usually made by the children's mothers. White shirts and shorts, orange beanies and sashes, and white boots — the whole outfit, including the baton, costs about fourteen dollars. Dues of ten cents per child each week buy uniforms for those who can't afford them, support the public address system that provides the music to which the kids twirl, correspondence, awards, and out-of-town trips for the group. No salaries are paid.

The kiddies take their twirling very seriously. Their batons are always in motion. Rarely does one see a child just holding it still — an order of "At Ease!" from their instructors merely means to twirl without anyone calling the signals. Serious aspirants practice hours every day, and some take private lessons from Bill or one of the advanced girls. Only with top-notch proficiency comes the real glory for the kids — shows, exhibitions, and the most coveted spot of all — a solo act in a dress uniform as fancy as Mom can make it.

A chance to strut their stuff in public isn't the only reward in sight for the children. Many universities and colleges offer scholarships for top performers. One of Bill's girls, Pat Harshbarger, was awarded a scholarship to the University of Miami last year. More will follow in her footsteps. Bill's kiddies have already walked off with several first prizes in the competitions held during the recent convention — and all this with most of them having less than one year's instruction.

THE END



"Occupation? I'm shortstop on the Cleveland Indians! What'd you think I do?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

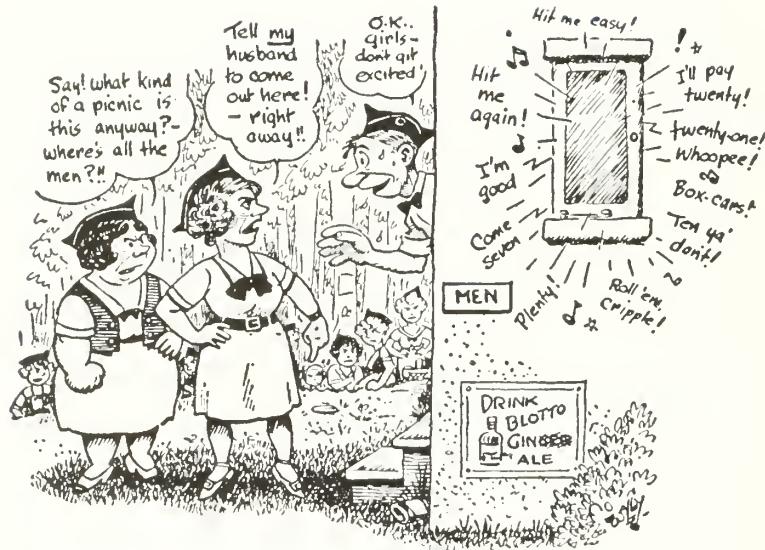
sides of the Schuylkill, it takes in also the long, deep gorge of scenic Wissahickon Creek. The drive along that wandering stream is still closed to the upstart automobile and reserved for horses and pedestrians; along it are reminders of Revolutionary days.

By 1775 Philadelphia had 35,000 inhabitants and was not only the largest and most important city in the thirteen colonies but the largest city, after London, in the British Empire. It had outstripped proud old Boston, had not yet been overtaken by New York—and of course there was no Washington or

which must greatly have shocked the proper Philadelphians even of those days. The following year he went gadding off to England, but came back two years later and settled down. Within six years he was publishing the *Pennsylvania Gazette* and from that time on he was the dominating spirit in the city, and one of the outstanding men in the thirteen colonies.

Philadelphia has more than a thousand churches, some of them of great historical interest. Chronologically, I suppose we should visit first Old Swedes Church on Swanson Street near Second,

WALLY



(From September 1932 A.L.M.)

Chicago in colonial days. Philadelphia was the capital of Pennsylvania from 1683 to 1799; unofficially it was the national capital during the Revolution—except from September, 1777, to June, 1778. For Lord Howe and his 18,000 soldiers took possession of the city after the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, while the defeated remnants of the American Army froze through that heroic winter at Valley Forge. Actually and officially it was the capital of the new nation from 1790 to 1800 and the center of its political activity during all the revolutionary period and until about 1835, when New York forged ahead as a money center. When the Civil War began, its population was 565,000; today, with about 2,000,000, it is the third city in the United States.

But we have almost by-passed the most important man, next to William Penn, in Philadelphia history—many people consider him the most important man. It's an old Philadelphia saying that Benjamin Franklin was born there . . . at the age of seventeen. In 1723—to Boston's eternal regret—he sauntered nonchalantly up Market Street from the docks along the Delaware, carrying a loaf of bread (some hair-splitting people say only a bun) under each arm and eating a third—

famed for its historical pageants. If you have any interest in the architecture of by-gone days, do not miss this ancient place of worship, also called Gloria Dei. It was completed in 1700 on the site of a wooden church built by the pre-Penn Swedes—who called this part of town Wicaco. For 130 years it imported its pastors from Sweden. Eventually the Swedish Lutherans joined the American Episcopal Church in a body and since then its services have been in English.

Nearer Independence Hall is Christ Church, built between 1727 and 1744, where an older church had stood since 1695. It was attended by royal officers before the Revolution and later by high officials of the new American Republic. Ben Franklin was one of the managers of a lottery, in 1753, to raise money for its steeple and bell. He and Robert Morris are buried in its Burial Ground at Fifth and Arch.

There are four dignified old Meeting Houses of the Society of Friends, better known as Quakers, in old Philadelphia. The one at Fourth and Arch was built in 1804; there is one at Fourth and Green, another at 15th and Race, still another on Twelfth between Chestnut and Market, all reeking with age and tradi-

tion. Philadelphia is still the Quaker center of the United States, and the Friends, as they call themselves, have greatly influenced the characteristics of all this region and its people. Yet by 1750 only one out of four Philadelphians was a Quaker; by 1770 the Quakers themselves admitted that barely one person in seven belonged to the Society of Friends. Wealthy Quakers, tired of drabness and yearning for display, became Presbyterians, Lutherans, especially Episcopalians, joining the rich and socially prominent congregations of Christ Church and fashionable St. Peter's, erected in 1761 for the prosperous mercantile population in the southern part of the city. The Catholics came, in any strength, rather later than the Quakers and the other Protestants; their great cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, facing Logan Square—now a circle—is comparatively young.

The Pennsylvania Hospital, founded in 1751 by Franklin as the Alms House and House of Employment, was, Philadelphians say, the first hospital in North America. The original building is still in use, though almost hidden by extensive additions. Legend has it that one of the first patients was an insane sailor, who climbed up into the dome and stayed there until he died. Another tale is that insane patients were kept in an iron-barred cellar and that some of the people passing by used to poke at them with sticks and otherwise enrage them, in the good old eighteenth century way. The hospital authorities saw the point, the tale goes on, built a wall around the property . . . and charged admission to those who thought it sport to tantalize the insane. At any rate, the wall is still there.

Philadelphia has never tried to rival New York in skyscrapers, though it does have some high buildings. But in looking across the city it is easy to get the impression that the highest thing in it is William Penn himself, standing in Quaker garb on top of the City Hall. His Quaker hat is 548 feet above the street level; the whole statue is 37 feet high. You will not find anything higher in Philadelphia since a city ordinance forbids building higher than Penn's hat. The City Hall, by the way, covers four and a half acres, and Philadelphians say that no other building in this hemisphere covers more ground.

Of many notable people, besides Penn and Franklin, in the history of Philadelphia, one to be remembered is Stephen Girard (1750-1831). Born in France, son of a sea captain, a sea captain himself at twenty-three, Girard settled in Philadelphia in 1776. A business wizard, he built up the United States Bank and financed the American Government almost single-handed during the War of 1812; left his great fortune to municipal institutions in Philadelphia and New Orleans. His best known charity, one of the outstanding philanthropic institutions in the United States, is Girard College "for poor white male orphans" between the ages of nine and nineteen. Girard left it \$5,000,000, but seems also to have bequeathed it his financial sagacity. For today its endowment, supervised by the Board of City Trusts, totals nearly \$90,000,000.

If you visit the forty-acre campus of Girard College, with its many buildings, now completely surrounded by city, do not be surprised if the gate guard asks you what you do for a living. For Girard's will provides that "no ecclesiastic, missionary, priest or minister of any sect whatsoever" can be employed in or even admitted to the institution. This strange provision "is not on account of hostility

to religion"—the college has a beautiful pan-religious chapel, with services by laymen—"but to keep the tender minds of orphans free from the excitements which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce." Tolerant Frenchman Girard had probably seen too much of the sectarian quarrels and religious animosity so prevalent in the Philadelphia of his day. THE END

DEATH IN EVERY SHADOW

(Continued from page 13)

willow bush moved forward, picked it up on his sticky tongue, and swallowed it. The frog retreated to that exact bit of sand upon which he had been sitting, and he did not answer when the up-river frog uttered a few tentative croaks.

Something else was coming, and the frog dared not make his presence known because he did not know what approached now. A little to one side of the willow bush, the shallows churned as a school of frantic minnows made a way through them. For one second the bright moon revealed a huge bronze back. It was The Bass who dwelt in the frog's piece of river. Almost as suddenly as it appeared, the shining back was gone. Farther away, the fleeing minnows continued to splash in the shallows. The great fish pursued them until he had as many as he wanted. A wavering line of ripples spread behind him as, staying near the surface, The Bass swam back to the deeper portion of the pool.

The frog under the willow remained motionless. He was too big to have any justifiable fear of The Bass, but such fear had been born in him and it would not now be banished. Scudding about with the swarms of tadpoles that had hatched with him, the frog had many times seen bass raid his brothers and sisters. The marauding fish had gulped them whole, then gone placidly to their resting places until they were hungry again. You might not say the frog remembered that—yet you couldn't say he had forgotten.



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

He knew this particular bass well. Larger than any other bass in the pool, undisputed leader of the fish there, customarily it lay only a little way from the water-soaked stump which was one of the frog's favorite hiding places. It never tried to injure him, but it hunted and gulped smaller frogs whenever they were unwary enough to venture far out into the pool. It was well to have a healthy respect for such a thing.

A couple of night-flying ducks skittered down the river, alighted on the pool, swam about for a moment or two, and flew away. The frog upstream was silent. Beneath the willow bush, the big frog plucked and ate another green caterpillar that dropped into the water. He bellowed a couple of times but received no answer. Then he ceased bellowing, for he knew that the other was, at the moment, being hunted.

He could not see the slinky otter, a yard of sinuous murder, stealing down the shaded side of the river. Nor could he know that the other frog had heard the otter coming in time and slipped silently into hiding. Unable to find the up-river frog, the otter bounded up the bank to hunt young birds in the brush. The amphibian under the willow simply knew that silence up-river meant danger in that quarter.

In the center of the pool, the head of a swimming muskrat broke the surface. The frog watched him, blinking but not moving because to move might bring unwelcome attention upon himself. He saw the muskrat go up the river, dive, and reappear with a mussel. The muskrat sat on the end of a partly-submerged log, shucked his mussel, and ate it. It dived for another mussel.

Settling himself comfortably, the frog sent forth an experimental bellow. He repeated, and bellowed a third time. The frog sat up, blinking in the moon light and expectantly awaiting a reply. It came from the frog up-river. The frog beneath the willow bush bellowed his answer.

Then he froze in terror.

He could neither see nor hear the terrible thing that had come, but he was aware of its presence. It was felt in a sinister and terrible fashion, an evil presence. Then the frog heard it, a few wispy slitherings and a few faint ripples in the water. A giant water moccasin came directly toward him.

Too terrified to do anything else, the frog kept his frozen position. Now he could not escape. He had survived the tadpole stage because he was more agile than any of his brothers and sisters, and luckier. Reaching the adult phase, he had

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continued to survive because he was alert and cautious. Nothing could survive this.

The frog blinked, looking from beneath the willow branch into the paralyzing gaze of the big snake. Daylight was encroaching upon the creek. Dawn had flung a pale hand across the sky, and with it something else came. Then the frog heard the otter.

It waded in the shallows just in front of the willow bush. In the waning light of the night, and the rising light of the day, its water-soaked fur owned a dark-satin sheen. Hungry, unsuccessful in its search for birds, the otter had come to find the bellowing bull frog.

It stopped in the shallows, its head cocked to one side while it alertly studied the willow bush. The otter slunk forward, lifting one velvet paw after the other as it stalked the hidden frog. Pausing a second, the otter gathered itself for the strike that would overwhelm its victim.

Just as it sprang, enraged because something else was about to steal its intended dinner, the big moccasin struck. The snake buried poison fangs in the otter's shoulder.

The otter squalled, then joined battle. Striking again, the moccasin buried its fangs in the otter's shoulder and tangled them there. The otter snarled, and slashed. Winding itself about the otter's body, the

moccasin was dragged slowly out to deep water.

The frog beneath the willow bush watched. He blinked as, still locked together, the snake and the otter were carried downstream by the slow current. Moving a little forward, the frog picked up and ate another green caterpillar. Daylight bloomed fully. Except for the conflict of the snake and the otter, it had been an ordinary night in the world of the willow bush—as long and as dangerous and as full of fear as usual.

The frog knew that darkness would come again.

It would be a time of peril, but a good time for bellowing.

THE END

the country against your kind," he shouted. "Now stay away!"

I stayed away until 1948. By that time I read that a buyer's market was on its way back in the auto business, and new cars could be had at list without too long a wait. I cranked up what was left of my Terraplane and coasted down to my old pal the car dealer, to see if we could do business this time.

The dealer was standing front of his place, watching traffic with a slightly anxious look. When I stopped near him he actually smiled. "Hello, hello, hello," he said cordially as I got out of the car. "How about looking at a new car today? Drive one away tomorrow."

We shook hands, and he took me in to see his new cars. "My friend," he said, giving me a cigar, "I can't give you much for your old car, but if you'll take fifty dollars, I'll let you have a new one at list. Not one dime money under the counter or anything. Just pay the legal price, and the new buggy is yours. I'm doing this because you're a veteran, and I want to show how much I appreciate what you did in the war—whenever that was."

WHO WANTS A CAR?

(Continued from page 19)

I was overjoyed. I was ready to part with my Terraplane for fifty dollars, because the car I wanted listed at fifteen hundred, and that was just what I could afford. "Fine," I said, "I'll give you the fifteen hundred now."

"And the rest . . .?" he asked.

I blinked. "What rest? I said fifteen hundred. Doesn't that buy the car?"

"Fifteen hundred!" he roared. "It comes to twenty-six hundred and eighty dollars."

"How comes it?" I demanded, my lip beginning to tremble.

"Optional accessories," he explained. "You know . . . Radio, heater, telephone, sun-visor, back-up light, cigarette lighter, under-coating, over-coating, inner-coating, outer tubes, license frames, white pink-wall tires, over-drive . . ."

I shook my head. "I don't want the accessories. I'll get along without them."

"Then we can't do business," he said coldly. "I told you the accessories were optional—that means you have to take them." He turned away from me in disgust. "That's the trouble with this world," he complained. "You try to do a person a favor and right away they try to take advantage of you."

I drove home in my Terraplane and vowed that I would keep on driving it until the automobile dealers looked me up. At the time it sounded like an idle dream, but once the buyer's market in cars started, it was like a flood. Today I can have my pick of new cars, but I'm keeping the old Terraplane. I only have to drive it when I feel the need for more revenge.

It started one evening recently when a fellow drove up to the house in a brand new car. I was sitting on the porch, shooting at sparrows with an M-1. This man removed his hat, bowed his head, and asked if he could please speak with me. Not knowing who he was, I gave my consent.

"Sir," this man said, "I wonder if you would do me a favor? I have a brand new Gitchma Eight here, and I would like you to drive it at the agency's expense for a month or so. If you like it, we'd be happy to sell it to you for a very reasonable sum, and give you three or four hundred dollars for that excellent but ancient car you are now driving."

"Leave the keys," I said in a bored tone. "I'll let you know what I decide in a month or so."

"Oh, thank you, Sir," the salesman breathed. "Thank you. Remember, send us all your gas and oil bills, and if you take any trips, we'll gladly pay the hotel bills for you."

"All right, all right," I said. "Now go away. I'm busy."

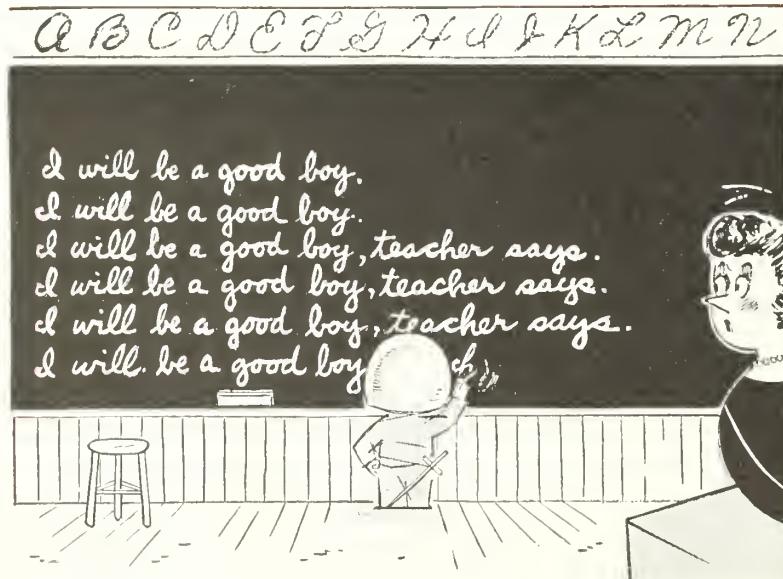
My moment had arrived, and, according to plan, I went into action. First I approached my Terraplane with a hammer and an axe. I cracked the windows, chopped holes in the body, tore the upholstery, ran it without water, and stripped the gears. When it was just barely able to crawl under its own power, I got in and drove down to see my particular auto dealer. He was on the sidewalk in front of his establishment, running back and forth trying to drag customers into his place by brute force.

As soon as I stopped my car the dealer was opening the door for me, and yelling for his men to roll out the red carpet. As I stepped out of the car he gave me a box of cigars and a bottle of Scotch, whispered the names and addresses of several lovely blondes, and led me to an easy chair inside his showroom.

"Sir," the dealer murmured, "I would

GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

like to trade one of my new cars for your lovely Terraplane. Please forgive me for being so vulgar as to discuss money, but if you will be so kind as to accept a completely-equipped new car for less than the wholesale price, I would gladly give you four hundred dollars for the Terraplane. I know it's worth more, Sir, but that's all I can afford."

I polished my fingernails on my lapel and yawned. "You wouldn't want my car," I said. "It isn't much good."

"It's a wonderful car!" he cried. "Such beautifully shattered windows, and those gouges in the body . . . like a painting by

scratches are a dollar each, cracks in the windows two dollars, tires . . ."

"Tires come with the car!" the dealer moaned.

"All right," I said, "tires come with the car. But the tread is an accessory. Also the wood-stove heater, the crystal radio, squirrel tails, tools . . ."

The dealer sobbed aloud. "I can't do it," he moaned. "I haven't the money. Please . . . please . . . I need the business. Please be kind."

"My friend," I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I won't make a deal now, but for a hundred dollars I'll put you on my waiting list. When I'm ready to do business, that hundred will buy you the chance to bid against the other dealers."

The dealer sobbed out his thanks, gave me the hundred and I drove away.

I've seen about half the dealers in town, and I've collected about a thousand dollars from them for the privilege of getting on my list. Three dealers keep new cars at my home night and day, which I operate without cost. Another dealer picks up all my restaurant checks, and yet another keeps me in whiskey and soda.

When I collect another five hundred dollars I'll be ready to make a purchase. I don't intend to sell my Terraplane. The revenge value is still good, and as long as I have it, the new car men are after me to trade. I can make a living just driving that old wreck back and forth along Automobile Row. And when I buy, I won't buy any of their new cars. I won a new car as a door prize at a dance last week, and since I live out in the country, I'm saving my money for a good horse.

THE END



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Picasso. You'll do me a favor if you take a new car and let me have yours for four hundred and fty. For old times' sake."

"But the tires are flat," I said. "The rims must be ruined."

"I'll fix the tires," he insisted. He ran out and threw himself to the ground, crawling under the car in shaking haste.

"Don't do that," I called. "You'll ruin your nice new white suit."

"I always wear my white suit to fix tires," he called back. "It's nothing at all. Always glad to do a favor for a good customer."

"Look," I said, going to my car, "this is really a piece of junk. It won't even make good scrap. I can't understand why the Gitchma Eight people want to give me four hundred and seventy-five dollars for it if I buy a car from them."

"Five hundred!" the dealer screamed from under the car. "And you can keep it besides. Just take one of my new ones. I need the space."

"Okay," I said. "Five hundred it is. For old times' sake."

The man came to me on his hands and knees, holding out the money. "Here, dear friend," he said. "Take it."

"And the rest?" I asked.

The dealer rolled over on his back, his hands and feet in the air. "What rest?" he croaked.

"The car is five hundred," I said, "but the optional accessories are extra. Paint

ANSWERS TO BASEBALL

QUIZ ON PAGE 20

1. Stan Musial
2. Bob Feller
3. Richie Ashburn
4. Harry Brecheen
5. Curt Simmons
6. Howie Pollett
7. Warren Spahn
8. Stan Rojek
9. Lou Boudreau
10. Joe Gordon
11. Mark Christman
12. Virgil Stallcup
13. Ralph Kiner
14. Hal Newhouser
15. Roy Campanella
16. Sid Gordon
17. Dom DiMaggio
18. Ted Williams
19. Phil Cavarretta
20. Sheldon Jones
21. Ken Keltner
22. Bill Salkeld
23. Vernon Stephens
24. Elwin Roe
25. Larry Berra
26. Alvin Dark
27. Johnny Vander Meer
28. Bobby Doerr
29. Murray Dickson
30. Bob Dillinger
31. Harold (Pee Wee) Reese
32. Early Wynn

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PERRY GREENE with two Chinook dogs, Riki and Bering. From his Maine kennels Greene controls the entire breed of Chinooks



The Man Who Owns a Breed of Dogs

By JOHN DURANT

ONCE IN A million times there occurs in nature a phenomenon which biologists call a "sport." It is a sudden and unexplained variation in the offspring, a change in marked degree from its parents. A sport breeds true which means that the new characteristics are maintained in the next generation and all subsequent ones.

Some thirty years ago in the New Hampshire kennels of the late Arthur T.

Walden, prospector and sled dog breeder and driver, there appeared in a litter a puppy whose coat and proportions were totally unlike that of its parents' or any of its brothers'. Walden named him Kim, and watched him grow into a huge 110-pound animal with a thick tawny coat, furry arched tail and a chest of amazing breadth. The dog had a long muzzle and pointed ears. He was gentle, intelligent and obedient and had great power and endurance. Kim was the kind of dog that Walden had always been looking for. But

was he a sport? Would he breed true? Walden bred him to a black and white female and in the new litter all the dogs inherited the same characteristics that had made Kim such an outstanding animal. They were tawny coated, powerful and gentle. They in turn bred true and Walden was satisfied that he had a new breed. He called it the Chinook. Walden never publicly revealed the parentage of Kim nor the identity of his black and white girl friend. The secret is known to only three people today: Mrs. Julia Lombard who took over Walden's kennels, and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Greene who are now the sole breeders of the Chinook. All three, however, emphatically state that there is no Husky or wolf in the Chinook and that there have never been any throwbacks in more than twenty generations of breeding.

In one of the early litters Walden chose an oversized puppy and trained him to lead one of his teams. He named the dog Chinook in honor of the new breed and it was Chinook who became famous as the lead dog of the team Walden drove during Admiral Richard Byrd's first Antarctic expedition in 1928.

When Walden found it difficult to supervise his kennels properly he turned them over to Mrs. Lombard, a neighbor living in Wonalancet, N. H. Under her feminine influence the Chinook's gentleness of nature was stressed. Knowing the value of selective breeding, she bred them for disposition and intelligence without, however, sacrificing their ruggedness and stamina. Mrs. Lombard exhibited the dogs every year at a sportsman's show in Boston and there she met Perry Greene who was appearing in the show as the world's champion woodchopper.

Greene, a six foot two inch Maine guide of Mohawk ancestry, was impressed by Mrs. Lombard's lead dog, a 120-pound giant named Chugash. He asked her one day if he could take the animal for a run on Boston Common during the slack hours of the show. For several days thereafter he took Chugash out, unleashed, and never once did the Chinook attempt to leave his side. "He'd circle around me and run five miles while I was walking one," Perry says, "but he was never further away than arm's length at any time." The next year when he walked into the crowded Boston Garden Chugash instantly recognized him and jumped all over him. From then on Perry couldn't see enough of Chugash and the other Chinooks.

When Mrs. Lombard was forced to give up her kennels in 1939 she chose Perry as her successor, knowing that he would care for the dogs and preserve the Chinook breed. It was a fortunate choice, for Perry, now the sole breeder, has tremendous pride in the dogs and has refused many tempting offers for the kennels. He will not sell an unspayed female, thus maintaining complete control of the breed.

Because the Chinook is a closed breed the American Kennel Club will not acknowledge it among the 111 breeds it recognizes, five of which, incidentally, are of U.S. origin. The Chinook is a distinct and established American breed, however, and would be welcomed to the canine



CHINOOK OWNERS across the country have their own newspaper. Above, Jackie Manzer reads a copy of *The Chinook News* at Greene's Waldoboro kennels

social register if Perry chose to release control. (The AKC requires only eight generations of true breeding). This Perry refuses to do on the grounds that the Chinook would then become a show dog and the brains might be bred out of it.

Perry's kennels are on U.S. Highway Number One near Waldoboro, Maine, where 10,000 people annually stop to see his dogs. A large sign there says: "Perry Greene Kennels. World's Only Breeder of Pure Bred Chinooks."

There are over 500 Chinooks distributed through twenty states and Perry has a record of every one as well as its ancestry back to Kim. In his active correspondence with the owners he has never received a complaint and he takes pride in saying that a Chinook has never been known to bite a human. It is a fine watch dog nevertheless, for it will hold an intruder at bay until its master arrives. Once a chicken thief on Perry's property was bowled over and his shoulders pinned to the ground by a Chinook but the dog did not bite him. The Chinook will fight other dogs only if attacked. "I don't mean just growled at," Perry says. "I mean the other dog has to jump him first. Then look out."

All Chinook owners say it is the best all-around dog in existence, a handsome affectionate house pet yet tough enough to bed down in the snow and sleep contentedly on the most severe winter night. It will plunge into the water and swim all day in the midst of shouting children and will retrieve in the water and in the field.

Before buying a dog from Perry you must first visit him and win his approval. He has over 2,000 applications on file and he's extremely choosy about where he places his beloved dogs. "The Chinook is the world's best dog," he says, "and I don't want it to get a bad name because of some people who wouldn't know how to bring it up right." He will not ship a dog. The buyer must come to Waldoboro, pass muster and take the dog away.

When Kim appeared in Walden's kennels years ago nature gave him a keen intelligence which has been the outstanding trait of his descendants. Several of Perry's dogs run free in his yard which faces a traffic-heavy highway. Yet they never roam, instinctively sensing the danger of the auto-clogged road. The only time a Chinook went on the highway was when a kitten wandered out of the yard and stood confused in the center of the road. The dog, instantly aware of the kitten's plight, rushed out, gently picked it up in its huge maw and brought it back safely into the yard.

Perry hitched up a seven dog team in January, 1940, and drove them across the state of Maine from Fort Kent on the Canadian border to Kittery. Hauling 800 pounds of equipment, and with a thirteen-year-old boy as passenger, he made the 502-mile trip in 90 hours' running time—the longest sled dog trip ever made in the United States.

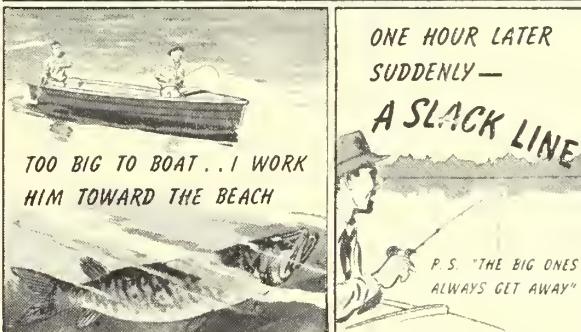
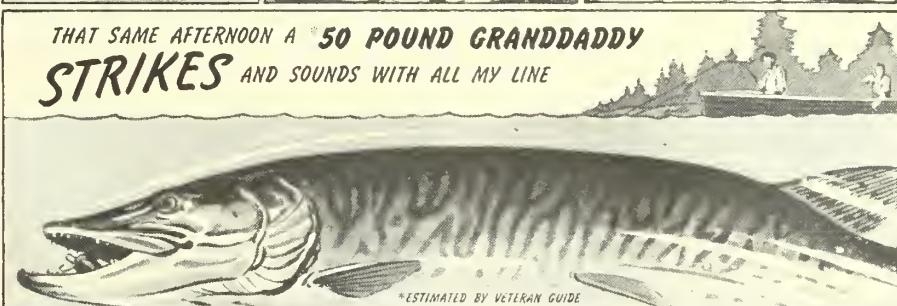
There is no doubt that this unique American breed of dog, closely guarded by Perry Greene, is one of the most remarkable in the world today. And it stemmed from a sport named Kim whose identity remains a secret.

THE END

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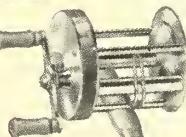
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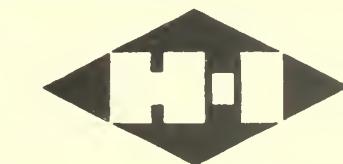
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YOU HAVE TO BE YOURSELF IN CHILE

(Continued from page 13)

personal appearance, with a new photograph and thumb print, every four years.

Chile stretches north and south more miles than the distance from Labrador to Key West, and many of its communities are very isolated. Its 22 provinces, or states, could provide people who wanted to change their identities with 22 new opportunities. But the little *Carnet* is an anchor holding each man, woman, or child to their past, a true identity, no matter how far or fast the alien or citizen may travel in Chile. For, in addition to the vest-pocket *Carnet*, there is a facsimile behind all aliens and citizens in Santiago's Central Civilian Identification Bureau, with even more personal details which can never be destroyed by a fugitive. The personally carried *Carnet*, though very small, has a great deal of national as well as personal security power behind it.

The Kremlin's Comrade, under his new disguise, had obtained a job as Metallurgist in a great, complex, copper mine many miles from Santiago, but the greasy prints of two of his fingers, months previous, on the stolen leather brief-case which he had cut open for its blueprint contents, in a U.S. airport, caught up with him in Chile. In addition to its own file of Chilean fingerprints and photographs, the Santiago identification specialists have initiated a program of exchanging facsimiles with the police agencies of other American nations. In one routine batch of prints and photographs received from the United States the skillful Chilean *clasificadores* discovered the "refugee" metallurgist's pre-Chilean history. He was taken into custody by the authorities immediately.

The Chilean Deputy of the Civilian Identification Bureau had only one quiet comment: "If the fingerprints had been sent us promptly we would have caught your fish for you before he even had a

chance to look at copper being produced in Chile!"

Chile by law has made individual identification obligatory but by the same law it has completely isolated the system of civilian identification from criminal or penal records. The Deputy for civilian identification who issues *Carnets* and passports, is the sole custodian of their secrets and is charged by law with the duty of keeping his civilian identification service entirely separate from Chile's *Departamento Criminológico*. Only after a crime has been committed and the alien or citizen sentenced by the Court can a copy of the civilian identification file be transmitted to the penal files. Comparative statistics show that for every 30 citizens and alien residents in Chile there will be only four who will ever have their fingerprints, photographs, and identification file transferred to the police records.

But those four people are the ones whose past chronology and unchangeable identification are often of great importance to the peace, honesty, or security of the community or nation. To the great majority of Chileans and honest alien residents the Chilean *Carnet* is a nationally recognized asset.

"We have proven to good Chileans," an official explained recently, "that the *Carnet* and our system of civilian identification is a contribution to personal as well as national security, though at first some of us were quite angry at being fingerprinted. Yes, some Chileans raised hell and high temperatures — especially our very nicest old ladies! But go out and ask the people, now, what they think of the *Carnet*," he suggested. "Check up yourself. Ask some of your own countrymen, who were the most furious of all at first. I bet they convince you!"

So I talked with many different kinds of Chileans and alien residents in Chile. "What do you think of the *Carnet*?" I

asked. "Do you like having to carry an official government identification?"

"Why not?" said Chile's wealthiest wine producer. "When I travel to Europe or the United States I carry a passport, don't I? The passport identifies me as a Chilean citizen. Not everyone in my country knows my face," he chuckled "but my *Carnet* quickly identifies me. And don't forget this: it prevents other men from impersonating me. That's equally important!"

A U.S. mining engineer now stationed in Chile admitted that he was mad at having to be fingerprinted at first. "You know how it is," he said, "fingerprints and crime have been too much linked together back home by the movies and mystery books. But I've found man's best protection in a foreign country to be his fingerprints, not his signature. And that goes double for his children!"

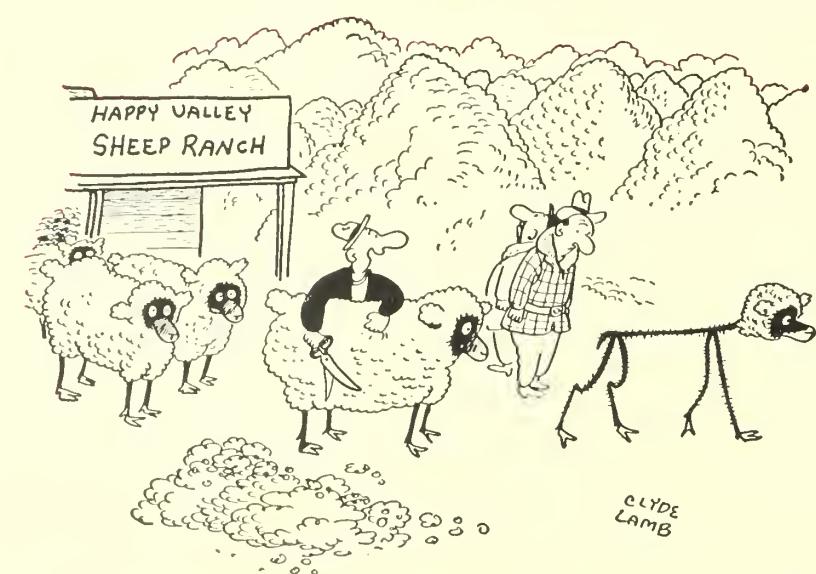
"Take one event that often happens in my family, for example," he continues. "My children travel all over the country and think nothing of wiring me from little as well as from big towns asking me to please telegraph cash pronto. Well, I don't have to sit down and worry about someone getting money out of me by using the names of my children. I wire the cash—I know that no other person can collect it in Chile. The paying teller will not hand it over until he's checked the *Carnet*. My children can prove their identity wherever they may be, and nobody else in Chile can impersonate them. Yes, we use our thumb prints often here in Chile. They are our assets!"

Before the compulsory identification law, a Chilean auditor told me, war pensions were often paid to people who claimed them in the names of people long since dead; politicians often voted dead people. But today pensions can be collected only by people who display the correct *Carnet*, registered mail can only be obtained by personal display of the proper *Carnet*. In order to vote a citizen has to be still living; he has to register in advance, presenting his *Carnet* for checking. On election day each voter has his or her *Carnet* taken up on leaving the booth and held until sundown. In Chile you can only vote once!

People hurt in accidents or found dead without identification can be identified by telegraphic facsimiles of their fingerprints within three hours from any part of the far-flung nation. All children born in Chile have their footprints taken on the day of their birth by an agent of the Civilian Identification Bureau, together with the mother's thumb print. Prior to burial each corpse is fingerprinted, the *Carnet* of the deceased reclaimed by the district agent, and official identification certified.

"My youngest son," a Chilean rancher told me, "was only eight when he started out one day to see what was at the end of the railroad. He stowed away on a freight train. Far down in Valdivia it took the police only a few hours to identify him and send him back home."

(Continued on page 56)



SOUND OFF!

(Continued from page 8)

to one another in the days when they were fighting side by side and how much they need one another for the years that lie ahead. We sent her a copy of the April issue, and thanked her for what she had written, asking her to give us a report on the number of letters she had received: To this Joy replied:

"Counting the letters I have received as aftermath to your April issue has proved no imposition. Total to date 1,122, and still they come! It is the practice in our village to give the postman a small bonus at Christmas. He has warned me that he expects it to be really good this year!"

"Correspondents have written in various languages, including French, Greek and Latin, and I am still trying to decipher two efforts in code. Ages have ranged from eight to eighty, all have been extremely kind and interesting, and have done much to increase my already high regard and admiration for the American peoples. Without reservation, the writers pay tribute to the high standard of your magazine, sentiments I myself heartily echo.

Yours sincerely,
Joy Clayton
Henllys, Cwmbran
Monmouthshire, England"

P.S. Latest word from Joy is that she expects to visit the U.S. this summer.

THAT HISTORY ARTICLE

In the May issue of the Legion Magazine, *What's Wrong With U.S. History*, I noted one small error in your answer to question No. 5, "Lt. Col. George A. Custer, *Custer's Last Stand* in which he and four companies of the 7th Cavalry were wiped out." Companies should read troops for Cavalry.

I'll bet many an ex-yellow-leg will catch you up on that small error.

I suggest that *What's Wrong With U.S. History* be continued as a regular feature of our magazine. We all need to be reminded of the glorious past of our country.

Sam La Sala
Ex-Sgt. of 1st Cavalry &
Ex- S.C. 1st class of U.S.S. *Phantom*
A.M. 273
Rosemead, Calif.

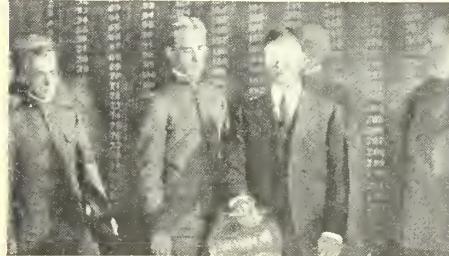
▼ A War Department General Order of 1876 referred to officers just graduated from the Military Academy as having been assigned to cavalry companies. In 1881 there was a statement that organizations of that character "hereafter . . . will be referred to as companies and troops." It appears that sometime in the 1890's troops became the fully accepted designation. Our thanks for clearing up this point go to the Historical Division, Department of the Army. **Editors**

The May number carries an article by John Dixon, *What's Wrong With U.S. History*, and I want to thank him for it and to say we need more such articles. I was stunned to find that while our school in Old Lyme has a course in American his-

tory, a pupil does not have to pass an examination in it to be eligible for his diploma. At least this was the case a few years ago.

And while I am writing, may I call attention to a mistake in picture No. 4, re the "legal lottery" of 1917 draft. Woodrow Wilson was President, but he did not take part in the drawing on that day. The first name was drawn by Newton D. Baker, then Secretary of War. There are a number of reasons why I know this, the main one being that I was present when it was done.

Winfield Scott Clime
Old Lyme, Conn.



▼ Mr. Clime is right. We should have made the year 1918. There were actually three drawings from the fishbowl holding draft numbers. Mr. Clime was present at the first, on July 20, 1917, when Secretary Baker pulled out 258 as the first number. The third and last draft

lottery was held on September 30, 1918, and Mr. Wilson, as per our drawing, performed as had Mr. Baker, pulling out No. 322. **Editors**

Because I studied American history when it was really taught in our schools, it was a cinch to get 100 per cent on the page 16 (May issue) quiz on American history.

The Legion Magazine does not get 100 per cent however, on the answers. The first heavier-than-air flight by the Wright brothers took place on December 17, 1903, not December 14, as the answer panel shows it. I'll not take too much credit for this, however, as Dec. 17 (not 1903) is my birthday.

J. P. Greene
Los Angeles, Calif.

▼ Mr. Greene is correct. Incidentally, Mr. Dixon cannot be held delinquent on these matters taken up by Messrs La Sala, Clime and Greene, as the quiz was got up in our office. **Editors**

John Dixon needs a refresher course in elementary arithmetic.

His article *What's Wrong With U.S. History* says that students should study at least 1200 pages of American history in a year, which he claims would be about six pages a day.

That would mean a school year of 200 or more days. The number of American school children fortunate enough to go to school that many days a year is a small, even an insignificant minority. The average is something like 160 or fewer days per year.

Ralph Erickson
Blackduck, Minn.

▼ Legionnaire Erickson is being a bit too literal, we think. It wouldn't hurt a pupil to get eighteen pages of reading over a week-end, especially if the account were as interesting as a Kenneth Roberts historical novel—which isn't too much to ask for, we think. **Editors**

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Enjoyed by many top-flight athletes. Provides seven dietary essentials. Had your Wheaties today? Wheaties—"Breakfast of Champions!"

(Continued from page 54)

"My *Carnet*," a taxi driver admitted, "has saved me from being stranded on several long trips without gas. Gasoline stations will always let me have a tankful on credit because they know that by having my receipt and the verification of my *Carnet* there is no risk in my being able to run out of their trust behind a fictitious name or stolen auto plates."

"Here's *Carnetology* in a nutshell!" a widely travelled merchant of Santiago suggested. "Look! I meet you somewhere far south on the lakes. I've had an accident. My car is wrecked. My clothes are torn. I am dirty and look like a tramp, maybe quite an evil tramp. I tell you who I am and ask you for a loan—money to get home or to the nearest telegraph station. I show you my *Carnet*. If you ask for it I give you a duplicate thumb print. Voila! You loan me the cash without fear of being taken in by some impostor!"

"Si!" another Chilean who had been listening to us said. "But suppose it is the visiting *Senor Norteamericano* who has the accident. He shows you his passport. It has a photograph and his signature. He has only been in Chile a few days so he doesn't have to carry a *Carnet*. Do you lend him money?"

That provoked considerable argument, with each of them waving my U.S. passport as exhibit A. Yes, they admitted, it had my photograph and signature. But both, they insisted, could have been changed by a clever forger. Comparing my passport with the Chileans' *Carnets* I could see for myself—now that it had been called to my attention—that the best item of unalterable identification I could have had on my own passport was missing. There was no certified thumb print.

"In the United States," another Chilean said, "you invent many great things, you are the country of progress, of new ideas. But we are ahead of you in passports and *Carnets*. I could never show up at a Chilean Consulate, anywhere in the world, and impersonate another Chilean. And no other man can impersonate me."

A Chilean banker had another anecdote to contribute. There was once in Chile, he said, a very crooked politician. But he never accepted checks or traceable securities. He took his graft in cash and stored it in bank vaults under different names—paid no taxes either. Then when the *Carnet* law went into effect he suddenly found that he couldn't get into any of his deposit boxes. All vault clerks asked him for his *Carnet*, as required by the law. Each bank refused him access to a box registered in another name and notified the police—as the new law requires. "Si, Señor! He had been stealing from the people for years!" the banker said. "He could have kept on doing so for the rest of his dishonest life if the *Carnet* hadn't stopped him, exposed his fortune in cash, and started an investigation, into the methods by which he had grown so rich!"

In Chile, I was often reminded, you can't start out in life as a *Musica* and become a *Coster*. Such a human chameleon as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde cannot exist except in fiction. Without the proper *Carnet* you cannot receive pension payments, get passports, receive commercial licenses, operate an automobile, make transportation reservations, live in hotels, cash checks or do any of the other things where identity is of importance.

One of Chile's largest industrial employers uses several thousand seasonally itinerant laborers and in many other countries it would be quite impossible to separate personnel dangers from assets at the employment gate. His personnel manager, like those of most other Chilean industries, collects the names and *Carnet* numbers of each day's applicants, telling them to return in three days. By that time he has been able to check each applicant's past history—if he has a criminal or penal history.

"That does not mean that we do not employ men and women with police records," the industrialist said. "Several slips often do not make an actual criminal. We have many people working with us who

have been convicted of several offenses. But we know who they are. The *Carnet* system protects our plants and also our employees."

Disguised characters can't float through Chilean labor communities or become members of labor unions. "We often have to take on a batch of new members quickly," a trade union official told me. "Sometimes a call comes overnight for three or

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Resolutions favoring compulsory fingerprinting of all persons in the United States have been passed by six National Conventions of The American Legion, and represent a continuing Legion policy. The first of these resolutions was adopted in 1935, the sixth in 1941. This last asserted that fingerprinting "is a matter of protection for our national defense," and Chile's experience proves how true this is.

Editors

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

four hundred workers for a job in a distant province. We don't want to sign them up and then have to guess who they may actually be. I check their *Carnets* to see if they are law-abiding citizens or police file characters. We refuse union membership to men who have had too many or too serious entanglements with the law enforcement agencies. They are bad risks for a trade union because they, too, will have a vote in our union affairs. Sometimes we take on apprentice members who may have made several previous mistakes. But they are on trial with us; we do not pass them into full memberships until they prove that they are sincere in their reformation."

In Chile a man or woman can change his or her name for personal reasons but the change, made officially by the Court, must immediately be recorded in the Central Civilian Identification Bureau and a new *Carnet* obtained. Names can't be changed, however, if there is a past conviction for two crimes.

"If you return to the United States," I asked a North American electrical engineer long successful in Chile, "and find that you have to go to a Civilian Identification Bureau and have a federal or state *Carnet* issued you, and your fingerprints and photograph filed, would you like it?"

"Sure!" he said. "There was a time I would have been up in arms at having my constitutional right, let's say of not being identifiable, taken away from me. But after what I've seen here of the way the system can actually work for the personal as well as the general good I'm all for it. As far as I can see there's nothing in our Constitution or Bill of Rights that gives people in the United States the right to falsify their real identities. When I go on trips to the States I take my Chilean *Carnet* with me, as well as my U.S. passport!"

You can lead a double life in Chile in activities which do not run counter to public laws or your neighbor's peace of mind, property or security, but you must lead your double life under the same name!

THE END



"You must have put the seeds in upside-down."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

THE GROWING ATTACK ON VETERANS' BENEFITS

(Continued from page 14)

from VA and Army and Navy hospitals in the name of "economy," and in the same year 9,631 CCC, CWA and other government agency beneficiaries were installed as patients in those same hospitals!

A wave of veteran suicides swept across the land. American Legion Posts boarded some of the outcasts, clothed them, asked them to hold on while the Legion fought the vindictive law. American Legion Welfare and Relief funds kept many of them and their impoverished families in food

Senate floor: ". . . 157 million dollars was taken out of the hides of the men disabled as a result of the World War.

Do you remember the official title of that law? It was called *An Act to Maintain the Credit of the United States Government!*

Think of it! The Congress swallowed that effrontery and so, apparently, did a public which had been conditioned by a sieve of propaganda in newspapers and magazines. The American people, without whose support Congress does not dare to act, had been won over to the idea that veterans' benefits were waste, and that veterans were milking the Government dry. The American people had been artfully led to believe that the disabled veteran was the logical person to make sacrifices to ward off a completely phony threat to the credit of the United States!

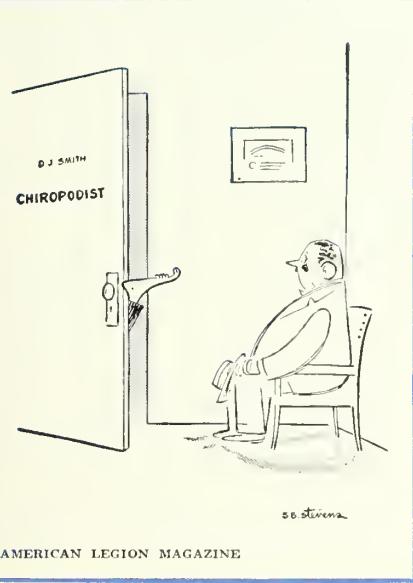
Was the nation's credit in danger? That was one of the years of WPA, PWA, CCC and many other of the great and revolutionary emergency acts of the New Deal for which ample credit was found. Since then a new generation of soldiers, whose benefits are now under attack, has fought a war whose cost could swallow the entire Federal budget of those years many times over, and the credit of the Government is still intact. Even the title of that pernicious law was a lie.

Remember all this, because the enemies of the veteran are molding the public mind again with phony statistics, misrepresentations, exaggerations, distortions and half-truths—all aimed at sabotaging the veterans' program. Again they are crying *hooray for the war hero* out of one side of their mouths and too much cost out of the other.

Veterans' benefits are part of the cost of war—and it is a cowardly act to renege on them in the security of victory. Nobody likes the cost of war, but before we swallow any more falsehoods let's put some billions of dollars in their proper proportion. If the veterans of War Two had been poorer soldiers so that the war had lasted six months longer, the cost of the extended months of the war would have run over 45 billion dollars, and we would have found ample credit to pay for it. That sum would carry the present veterans' program for the next nine to fifteen years.

What is the situation today? Let us look at the propaganda front which is artfully preparing your mind and all Americans for an assault on veterans' benefits. In recent months a disturbing number of magazine and newspaper articles have been inciting the general public and even many veterans against the appropriations of the Veterans Administration. The attack appears to be against the VA, but it is against the veteran. And many of the proposed veteran victims are joining in the attack because the propagandists know that anybody can be taught to hate a Government bureau.

Let us look at one attack on the VA which probably received the widest readership of any. It appeared in the March, 1949, *Reader's Digest*. This magazine



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

and shelter, but we could not keep them all.

What happened to the promise not to molest the rights of the war-injured veterans?

Once the iniquitous law was on the statute books the promise was violated completely!

The compensation of disabled war-injured veterans was whittled to the bone in 1933 and in many cases it was completely eliminated, even for gassed and bullet-wounded war heroes. The suicides mounted. Some simply lost the will to live and died of despair.

We have their records. The victims were ordinary men for the most part, unknown outside of their home towns. But perhaps many will remember the tragic news story of Major Frank Cavanaugh, football coach at Fordham University, who had half his face shot away in action and restored with plastic surgery. Not long before the Economy Act became law this popular hero's eyesight failed and he had to quit his job. Facing a serious operation, his sight gone, and with a wife and nine children to support, Major Cavanaugh was among those whose pension was slashed. He died of his illness before the vicious law was undone.

The greatest "saving" made under the Economy Act of 1933, during the year and eight days it took The American Legion to break its back, was in service-connected disability compensation to the tune of 157 million dollars. As the late Senator Couzens of Michigan said on the

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prints articles from other magazines, but this article was one of its own. For some reason it seemed to be needed, even though no other magazine had published it. The author was a Charles Stevenson and the title of the article was *How Bureaucracy Swindles the Taxpayer*.

Only one Government bureau was discussed—the Veterans Administration. Although the title of the article charged "swindle" no swindle was shown or claimed in the text. This is odd, because the *Reader's Digest* has one of the most expert and best-paid staffs of editors, and they know the meaning of words. Why did they suggest to you that the VA is swindling taxpayers, when nobody can show a cent of swindle in the VA?

The article damned the VA in no mean terms, from one end to the other. It cited mismanagement, stupidity, irresponsibility, lost records, waste and duplication of effort.

We in the Legion know that the VA went through a terrible time at the close of War Two when its work-load vastly exceeded its capacity and its staff was inexperienced and inadequate. Horrible things happened.

One of the interesting things about this article was that, without giving dates, Mr. Stevenson cited the same specific VA clerical errors and blunders which *The American Legion Magazine* had reported two and three years earlier! If you have that *Reader's Digest* and back copies of your *Legion Magazine*, see Clarence Woodbury's *That VA Insurance Muddle* (June 1947) and Robert B. Pitkin's *Insurance Is Like Love* (June 1948) and see how many skeletons Mr. Stevenson dragged out of the closet in March 1949, long after *The American Legion Magazine* had reported VA progress in correcting Mr. Stevenson's nightmares.

On page 61 of the March *Reader's Digest* Mr. Stevenson said that the VA

"...spends six billion dollars a year." That shocking article and that statement of "spending" six billion dollars a year induced many veterans to write their Congressmen, editors and Legion officials urging that a stop be put to the VA's "multi-billion dollar swindle."

Everyone who wrote or felt that way was completely misled. The article did not say how the VA spent six billion dollars a year. It couldn't, for several reasons. First, it would have had to shift its attack away from the VA to veterans, to the GI Bill, to Public Law 16 and all our other veterans' benefits. Second, the VA does not spend six billion dollars a year.

The VA does not spend one billion dollars a year.

It is true that the VA has been handling about six billion dollars a year. Of this figure the VA spends approximately 5% for general administration. For the year ending June 30, 1949, *five and one third billion dollars* of six-plus billions were paid directly in cash to veterans and their beneficiaries, for such things as:

Insurance death claims;
Compensation and pension for the disabled;

Tuition and education under the GI Bill;

Rehabilitation of the disabled;
Pensions for the survivors of deceased servicemen;

And other direct payments to veterans and their beneficiaries as required of the VA by law.

It would have been a swindle if the money had not been paid.

This is not spending, it is disbursing or paying out, as a bank teller pays when a client makes a withdrawal. And it is the cost of war—in payment for services which veterans have already rendered in full.

A little less than one billion dollars remains to be accounted for.

The VA spent that.

Over 546 million of it, or more than half, was spent on hospitalization and medical care of sick and disabled veterans!

The rest, about one third of one billion dollars, was spent on general administrative expenses to run a bureau which administers a large group of benefits to eligibles numbering eighteen million veterans of all wars and many of their dependents.

The American Legion warns veterans that any substantial saving for which the public might cry under the influence of such magazine articles can only come from cutting back veterans' benefits. The propagandists who try to line you up against the entire VA appropriation never tell you that. There is room for increased efficiency and better service to veterans in the VA, but it is scarcely a matter of budget reduction. Already, in the opinion of hundreds of American Legion long time service-workers the VA operating budget has been and is being subjected to economies which impair the service the VA can render veterans.

Today veterans are suffering greatly because of the slowness of progress in the VA hospital program—now far behind schedule and being slowed even more by the interference of the "economy minded" and other special groups.

Below are some funny things being proposed by strong and influential groups and committees. As you will see they are not entirely agreed among themselves. On the other hand there is danger of a concerted attack on veterans among them—just as the New Deal and the Economy League (strange bedfellows) ganged up on the veteran in 1933.

In 1933 the Economy Act closed Army and Navy hospitals to veterans, and threw them out in the streets.

Last April the Armed Forces Medical Advisory Committee to the Secretary of Defense, headed by Charles P. Cooper, recommended that Army and Navy hospitals reduce or eliminate care of veterans. Cooper is connected with Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

The Hoover Commission has recommended that VA hospitals cease to exist as such, but that a general Federal hospital system be set up to absorb disabled veterans along with other Government beneficiaries. This suggestion is supposed to provide economy and be beneficial to veterans.

It should be noted that the Hoover Commission investigators did not avail themselves of the advice and experience of those in the Legion who have specialized in rehabilitation problems of veterans for thirty years. They wanted a "fresh" look at the situation. One of the few acts affecting veterans which Congress ever passed without giving us a hearing was the Economy Act of 1933, which is also one of the few acts affecting veterans which was so wrong that Congress had to eat it piece by piece.

Regarding the recommendation of the Hoover Commission on eliminating hospitals from VA, I will state categorically that it is the experience of The American Legion and of the United States Govern-

(Continued on page 60)

"We have beer for breakfast, Mom!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



DOORS TO SUCCESS

The very housing shortage which plagued ex-GI Harry Stevens and his friend, Hank Thuet, gave them an idea which has now developed into a booming business in Long Beach, Calif.

Looking for houses themselves, they saw small homes springing up in every direction and reasoned that there would be a market for garage doors to be sold to contractors as single units. The kind of garage doors they had in mind would be made of lightweight, durable material, such as aluminum, light enough even for a child to raise or lower.

For a trade name they chose a natural — Alumi-Door.

Beginning in a ramshackle garage with only shoestring capital, the ex-GI and his partner at first turned out only two doors a week. But the growing demand for Alumi-Doors called for larger-scale production, so they adopted an assembly-line method of operation, and by using panels of prime-coated Kaiser Aluminum Clapboard Siding, which has a pre-formed locking joint and pre-punched nail holes, they were able to cut their construction time by two-thirds.

With orders increasing, the Stevens-Thuet Construction Company soon outgrew its small garage and moved to larger quarters in the industrial area of Long Beach where they are located today at 2165 Cowles St.

Stevens and Thuet, with the help of 15 assistants, now turn out 50 garage doors every eight-hour working day. They use 65 base feet of aluminum, weighing only 52 pounds for each door — one-third the weight of the average wood garage door. A single door sells for \$48, a double door for \$78, including delivery, installation, hardware and painting. The doors are covered by a three-year guarantee, and are approved by the FHA.

Alumi-Doors are sold to contractors by distributors throughout the United States, and can be shipped to private builders as well.

— BY M. D. BROWN

FOR GLOBE TROTTERS

The fabulous Kilroy saw more of the world than any ten GI's during the war, but an ex-Army sergeant has come up with an idea that is giving him plenty of competition.

When Harry Dow of Hanover, N. H., was serving in the South Pacific he first got the idea of souvenir stickers — labels on which would be printed the names of the "most visited" places in the world by GI's, and which could be used on luggage, in albums and scrapbooks, and at conventions. Sending back home for 20,000 stickers like those he had in mind, Dow re-

ceived in the meantime a sample set from the printer which he showed to the men in his outfit. These caught on immediately with his buddies.

Three days after his first shipment arrived, Dow was ordered home for discharge. But in those three days before sailing he sold out his entire shipment.

Encouraged by his first successful attempt, Dow returned to his home-town and began plotting a campaign for putting his business venture before other GI's. He had three separate sets of the stickers printed, a set representing each of the Pacific and European theatres, and a third covering the United States. There are 30 stickers in the sets dealing with Europe and the Pacific, while the U. S. set has 48, one for each state. Sets sell for \$1.00 each.

With his small Army savings Dow began advertising in small servicemen's publications. The response shows signs of becoming as enthusiastic as it was in the South Pacific.

And with a prospective market of 15,000,000 ex-globe-trotting servicemen, Dow, who operates his business at 21-A School St., Hanover, N. H., is going into larger-scale production.

— BY ELLEN BARTLETT

BAIT LURES

For fishermen who take their sport seriously, C. B. Shuman of 3 Green Terrace, Kent, Ohio, has made a success of a moulding kit which permits them to make their own fishing lures.

Shortly after WW2 Shuman, a veteran with three service-connected disabilities, conceived the idea of moulding from rubber exact copies of different kinds of fishing bait. He started with a frog. The finished product was so life-like that it not only fooled the fish, but fishermen.

Next Shuman and his associates took many other kinds of bait, such as crayfish, grubs, hellgrammies and insects, and from them made rubber facsimiles.

A kit was devised which contained materials, moulds and instructions with which an angler can make his own flies and plugs. With this kit, using only scissors and a pocket knife, a person can make more than 100 flies plus the moulded bait. Since no artificial heat is needed to cure the rubber, all the angler has to do is pour the rubber into the mould, let it dry, then mount a specially prepared hook, and get ready for the first "sucker." The kit sells for \$2.75 postpaid.

Because of their wide appeal to fishing enthusiasts, the moulded bugs have been recommended by many sports editors in their publication. Shuman has started advertising on a larger scale and expects to enlarge his working staff with veterans.

— BY LOIS O'KEEFE

BOOKS FOR VETERANS



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JULY/49

(Continued from page 58)

ment and of every State in the Union and of thousands of veterans that the disabled veteran too often suffers when he is treated in a non-veteran hospital.

It is also the experience of The American Legion and of thousands of veterans and many VA employees that there is already too much red tape confronting the veteran who is eligible under law for VA hospitalization. Removal of VA hospitals to a brand new bureau will throw another wall of expensive paper work, inter-office memoranda and bureaucrats between the sick veteran and his hospital bed.

Amazingly, the Hoover Commission's recommendation would be a reversal of history if carried out. Until 1921 veterans were hospitalized by the U. S. Public Health Service. The VA hospitals *came into existence* because a special committee under former Vice-President of the United States Charles G. Dawes, and including John L. Lewis, found that the Public Health Service set-up was unsatisfactory and recommended that for the relief of the veteran he have his own hospitals. The Veterans Administration *itself* came into existence on advice of the same committee because the handling of veterans' benefits by many Government bureaus was found to be wasteful, unnecessarily complex and injurious to the proper handling of the benefits awarded veterans by Congress.

In the years since 1921 The American Legion has often criticized the VA, and will do so again, because of difficulties many veterans have had with VA red tape. But The American Legion warns veterans that any attempt to use these difficulties as an excuse for parcelling out the VA's functions to other Government bureaus can have only the most disastrous results. It would simply multiply the factors which already make it difficult

for the lone veteran to find his way through the bureaucratic maze, exactly as it did until 1921. Yet every group which is jealous of the VA's function and of the VA's appropriation (which is really the veterans' appropriation) uses the veterans' difficulties with the VA as its excuse to bid for part of the VA function and a chunk of the VA appropriation.

The most serious problem we face today in veterans' medicine is the task of getting adequate care for seriously ill veterans, and of saving them from the present plight of patients in non-veteran tax-supported hospitals. Under the watchful eye of the Veterans Administration and The American Legion, the existing VA hospitals are the finest tax-supported hospitals in the world today. But there are not enough of them, and meanwhile our state and county mental, tuberculosis and general hospitals are in a shameful state and packed to the rafters. Many of them are 40 to 100 percent overcrowded. Usual conditions are so pitiful that the patients are often housed and confined rather than treated.

Among these pathetic patients in state institutions are many hundreds of veterans who are entitled to VA hospitalization but cannot get it because enough VA beds and staff are not available. Outside of all hospitals there are still more insane, psychoneurotic, tubercular and chronically ill veterans and civilians waiting for accommodations to care for them. Jails are holding some of the insane veterans for whom no beds are available. Children, wives and husbands of tubercular veterans (and non-veterans) are sickening and often dying from tuberculosis contracted from the tubercular living at home. Psychoneurotic veterans wander from private psychiatrist to private psychiatrist for treatment, spending their own money — for lack of sufficient psy-

chiatric out-patient treatment at VA clinics. Many of these are service-connected and clearly entitled to have the high type of care the VA clinics provide — but enough of it isn't available.

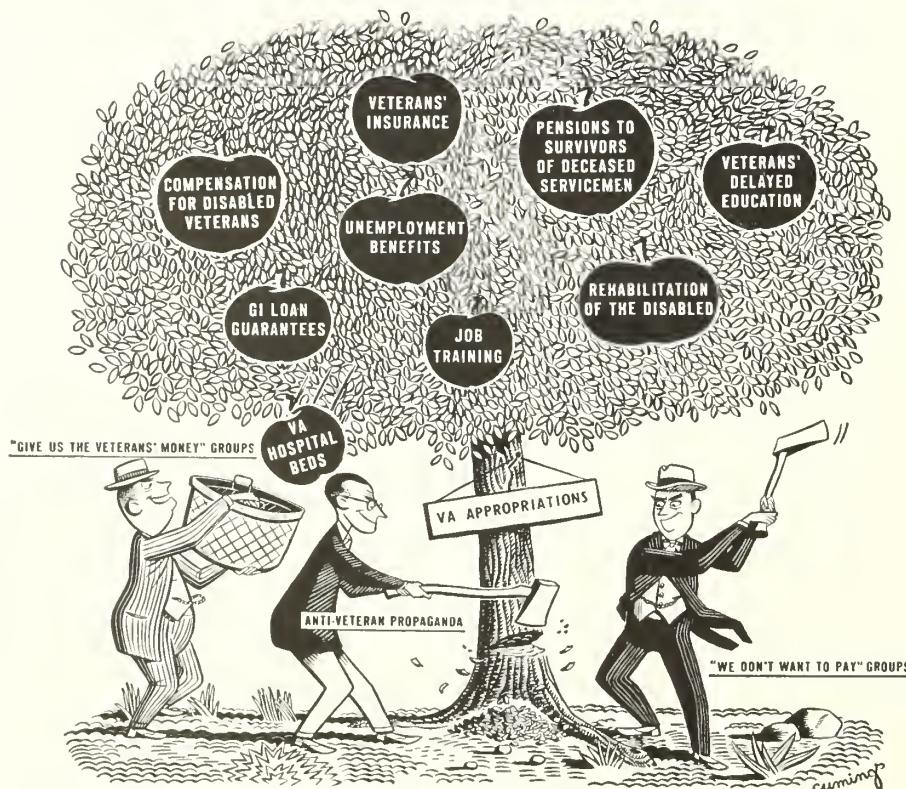
That is the great problem of veterans' medicine today. It is no time to be crying economy. The earliest possible relief for these seriously ill veterans and non-veterans would be to complete the building and staffing of the new VA hospitals. Ninety such hospitals were authorized by Congress as long ago as 1944. Only three of them have been completed, although the veteran population has increased over 15 million.

Completion of this program would care for the veterans and take them out of competition with the civilians for civilian hospital bed-space. Physicians and hospitals across the country should join with us in a gigantic effort to solve the problem of the tubercular, the chronically ill, the psychoneurotic and the insane. I am not able to report they have been doing so. Many, many private doctors are expressing real concern. Some of the finest physicians and surgeons in the nation are giving their services to VA hospitals and clinics. But I beg them to look to their organizations, for here are the things which organized hospital and medical men have been pressing before Congress!

The American Hospital Association has proposed a plan whereby some non-service-connected disabled veterans be dropped from VA hospitals. Under this plan "non-service-connected" veterans would carry health-insurance policies with the VA on which the veterans or the VA would pay the premiums. Follow this closely. Such veterans would then be treated in local hospitals when in need of care. The hospitals and the attending physicians would receive fees to be paid out of the health-insurance fund which they propose. Under such a system, they say, the VA hospital program could be greatly reduced and the money saved could be passed on by the Federal Government to the AHA hospitals.

Maybe that looks all right to you. But stay with me, please. There are some shocking things wrong with it. First, there is the technical problem of what disabilities are non-service-connected. In spite of many published statements to the contrary on the propaganda front against veterans, a non-service-connected veteran is simply one whose disability has not yet been determined to be service-connected. Service-connection is established as part of the veteran's claim, usually about the time he needs hospitalization — often after he is in. Can you imagine the red tape and confusion of a vast health insurance program to be carried by veterans or the Government for many years, in which the insured will not know whether the policy applies to him until he is already sick? Under this sweet plan the sick veteran will not even know which hospital to enter, private or VA, until the question of service-connection has been settled! It cannot be settled until after the nature of the disability is known and related to the veteran's military medical record. Many a veteran has already died while his treatment was being held up pending paper

THE PLAN OF ATTACK ON VETERANS' BENEFITS



work. Let's not make this worse!

Second, there are not enough civilian hospital beds available in many areas right now. A recent survey of Los Angeles County made by Hamilton Associates, a prominent member of the AHA, recommends the immediate expenditure of 87 million dollars to bring civilian hospital beds up to "standard." Eighty-seven million dollars for just one county.

pital building program, which had been too hastily recommended by the Bureau of the Budget and too hastily approved by President Truman in January.

Several spokesmen for the American Hospital Association and its State groups testified at these hearings. Speaking for the national AHA, Graham L. Davis, of the W. K. Kellogg Foundation of Battle Creek, Michigan, opposed the VA hospital



"I should've known you wouldn't appreciate some little change that might save me a few steps!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

The way to solve the hospital crisis in this country is not to rob Peter to pay Paul. There is no economy in the AHA plan for moving some veterans into the already crowded private hospitals. Just a transfer of funds from the veterans' program to a different outfit. And thirty years' experience in veterans' rehabilitation has consistently shown that treatment of Government beneficiaries in private hospitals costs the taxpayer more and serves the Government beneficiary less.

The AHA suggestion is a thankless one, for The American Legion has supported the Hill-Burton Act, which approves Federal aid for AHA hospitals. The Legion is deeply concerned for the welfare of community hospitals and state hospitals. But our reward for supporting Federal aid to them is this attempt to take that aid out of the veterans' appropriation!

This AHA suggestion has been supported by sections and high officials of the American Medical Association.

And mark this: The AHA plan does not include any attempt to care for any of the insane, tubercular, psychoneurotic or chronically ill *although it would take funds already appropriated to care for them!* Their plight is the great national problem. The Legion and the VA are left to tussle with it. The AHA plan wants no part of it!

But I have just begun. In March of this year the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare held hearings on a cutback of over 16,000 beds in the veterans' hos-

tal program and urged that funds for it be diverted to AHA hospitals.

Speaking for the New York AHA was John H. Hayes, Superintendent of Lenox Hill Hospital and a past president of AHA.

Hayes supported the President's cutback of 16,000 VA hospital beds and urged the AHA plan as a proper substitute. Neither Hayes nor Davis added that of these 16,000 beds whose elimination they recommended 7,000 would care for insane veterans, over 1,000 would care for tubercular veterans, and 1,000 would care for the chronically ill—none of whom the AHA plan proposes to absorb!

Fortunately others testified at these hearings. Included in the hospital cutback was elimination of a 500-bed tuberculosis hospital in Detroit. Dr. Bruce Douglas, Detroit health commissioner, pleaded for the restoration of that hospital, and stated that 2,700 new TB beds were needed immediately for the Detroit area. The VA hospital would aid the Detroit situation since it would reduce veteran competition for civilian TB beds.

Dr. A. M. Lyons, Commissioner of Welfare for the State of Kentucky, seconded Dr. Douglas' plea. He testified that his state institutions were greatly overcrowded and added: "... I think that the veteran is entitled to better hospitalization than most of our State hospitals offer."

American Legion service workers from many States affected by the hospital cutback also testified. Edward A. Linsky, Adjutant of the Department of Pennsyl-

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Tails, He Lost

The medic knew blood was thicker than water—and red

As the LCI churned through the shallow off-shore waters, the batteries on the Jap-held island opened up. Shrapnel whined overhead. Salt water spray from near misses fell on the figures of the 2nd Marine Division huddled in the landing craft. PFC Ray Peters sat in one corner, his nervous fingers checking and rechecking his equipment.

"Get ready to hit," snapped the NCO in charge of the platoon as the small craft made their final approach to the beach. Peters rose, adjusted his helmet chin strap, glanced once more at his rifle and shuffled forward toward the bow. Unknown to him, a ship's carpenter had painted a rusty spot in the LCI with red lead just before the assault was launched. In the excitement of shoving off, Peters had unwittingly chosen that particular spot. A large circular blotch of red lead adorned his posterior.

The LCI struck bottom, shuddered and came to a halt. The landing ramp dropped. The Marines waded ashore, raced a few yards across the sand and dug in.

First-Aid Man Joe Hillman, after digging in, checked his kit of medical supplies. During a lull in the firing, he glanced about to determine any casualties. Some 20 yards forward, a fellow leatherneck was hit. Hillman grabbed his kit, bent low and sprinted across the gap.

Peters peered through the smoky haze trying to locate the Jap pill-

boxes. Suddenly he felt someone touch his legs. Glancing over his shoulder, he recognized his friend. "Hya, Joey, whatcha doing up here?"

"Take it easy fella, I'll have you fixed up in no time," replied Joe as he opened his bag.

"Whatcha mean, take it easy? Hell, there ain't nothing wrong with me."

"Sure, fella, sure. You're o.k."

Hillman, believing Peters was in shock and unaware of his wound, hoped he could dress the injury before the pain began. Drawing his scissors from the kit, he started cutting away the cloth. Ray Peters whirled around as the sharp instrument gashed through his fatigues. "Damn it, Joey, you nuts or something? Leave me alone, I'll yell if I need you."

Joe's answer was lost in a fresh burst of gunfire. The second wave was landing. Fearing his patient might be reaching the violent stage, Hillman cut through the offending trousers at a furious clip. No less furious were Peter's gestures and exclamations. At that moment, the advance signal was given.

Hillman, clutching a large patch of blood-red cloth, caught a final glimpse of Peters dashing into the underbrush one hand grasping his rifle, the other attempting to draw some cover of dignity and respectability across his pale white exposed backside.

BY JACK R. CODY

vania, reported that an on-the-spot check at that time revealed between 300 and 500 insane veterans confined in Pennsylvania jails for safe-keeping and over 4,000 Pennsylvania veterans remaining at home with tuberculosis for lack of hospital beds.

Lewis E. Sloneker, Legion rehabilitation director for California, stated an immediate need of 599 TB beds for veterans in California. He added that ". . . It is doubtful if there is a jail in the State which is not holding one or more veterans at this minute, waiting for them to be transferred to psychopathic wards. . . . In Los Angeles County alone, during 1948, there was a total of 953 veterans with mental disabilities before the courts, only 24½ percent of (whom) were committed to VA hospitals because beds (for the rest) were unavailable. . . ."

G. W. Steagall, Director of Veterans Affairs in Tennessee, testified in part: "Veterans are being sent to hospitals every day by doctors in their communities as emergency cases, many times by ambulance, where the veteran is suffering intense pain or with active tuberculosis, only to be told by the admitting officer that he does not meet the requirements of the regulations for an emergency case and has to be taken back home and can only be put on the waiting list and allowed to suffer and oftentimes become progressively worse because of the delay in obtaining a bed."

Also from Tennessee was Dr. H. H. Shoulders, a past president of the American Medical Association. Speaking for the Tennessee State Medical Association he testified in favor of the AHA plan and in favor of the 16,000 bed eutback in VA hospitals.

I doubt that many private physicians would back up their organizations if they knew the whole story. Already veterans and the nation owe a great debt of gratitude to individual physicians, surgeons and medical schools across the country. Since 1946 medical men and medical schools have cooperated unselfishly with the VA, bringing to its existing hospitals their personal services. It is partly as a result of their cooperation that today the too-few VA hospitals now operating provide the highest level of skilled medical care ever known in the Federal service in peacetime.

Yet look how the present situation turns and twists. If the recommendation of the Hoover Commission that VA hospitals be handed over to a general Federal hospital bureau is carried out veterans will probably lose this great contribution of our outstanding medical specialists. It is hardly reasonable that they would be willing to contribute the same effort toward a central bureau of medicine that they have voluntarily and patriotically given to veterans. Doctors take such a proposed bureau to be the cornerstone of socialized medicine in this country—which they do not want. In this conviction they have a strong ally in The American Legion.

The American Legion is opposed to socialized medicine if only because of the experience we had with it in the VA prior to 1946. We certainly will not be a party to restoring bureaucratic medi-

cine in VA hospitals. In the interest of the veteran and of the American standard of medical leadership we align ourselves with the doctors on this matter. And yet we find ourselves at war with doctors organizations over their grab for the VA appropriation. It is an odd and complex situation—and a dangerous one for veterans and doctors and the general public.

While this article is on the press Legion committees will be meeting with representatives of the American Hospital Association and the American Medical Association to try to resolve their attacks on the proper care of veterans, and to try



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

to form a joint policy which will maintain and increase the VA hospitals in proper number as the finest tax-supported hospitals in the world. I hope that on this matter at least we will have progress to report before long.

Yet if we come to full agreement with the medical profession our joint efforts may still be sabotaged by today's *hidden economy league*. It is claimed, and the American Legion admits, that the problem of staffing many of the new VA hospitals will be difficult in terms of securing proper personnel, even with the full cooperation of the medical profession.

The American Legion is confident that if the same effort and ingenuity, and particularly the same ambition were exercised on all sides to complete them and staff them as is exerted on many sides to block their construction—then the terrible problem of the insane, the psycho-neurotic, the tubercular and the chronically ill could be solved.

But the difficulty of staffing these hospitals is being increased on the economy front. The Bureau of the Budget recommended to Congress in January that the VA operating budget be reduced to the tune of laying off 11,000 VA employees in

the coming year. This cut would work serious damage to the ability of the VA to serve veterans in nearly all phases of its operation. One result of an 11,000-man cutback in VA would be that for financial reasons alone the VA would be unable to staff those new hospital beds which it will be able to open in the coming year.

In April the House of Representatives Appropriations Committee took a favorable attitude toward the VA hospital program, and recommended to the House that funds be restored to continue construction. And then, at the same time, the House Appropriations Committee recommended an additional reduction of \$28,000,000 in the VA operating budget which may mean 9,000 more VA employees will have to be laid off!

We need the hospitals desperately. The nation needs them. But they are no good without staff. The VA has its work cut out to find the proper staff for the beds as they are opened. To this difficult task must not be added the hopeless prospect

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of having no funds with which to pay such staff.

All through the winter and spring The American Legion has been combatting these continuous assaults on the successful operation of the Veterans Administration. Our paid Rehabilitation staff, our Legislative staff, and many of our voluntary committeemen have given the bulk of their time to these problems. Congress and its committees have heard our representatives fairly, and they have heard many of our opponents.

Perhaps when you read this the battle of Congress this year may have been won. But the economy front, the propaganda front and the *give us the veterans' money* fronts are still busy. They are working on your mind, working on your legislature, and working in secret to gain their ends.

In 1933 we were less than a million Legionnaires. I thank God that we are now three million and I pray for three million more, for I believe the battle has just begun and it will call for our full and united strength.

THE END

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— BY S. OMAR BARKER



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The doctor had examined his patient and had then asked to see the man's wife alone. He offered her a chair and bluntly stated: "I don't like the looks of your husband, Madam."

She apologized: "Neither do I, doctor, but he's good to our children."

— BY ALBERT KELLEY

SEASONAL NOTE

Oh, Summer is the time of the year
That simply can't be beat,
And I'd be wild about it, if
It weren't for the heat.

BY F. G. KERNAN

KEY NOTE

When I come home and the door is locked, I expect to find a note under the little wire clip on the mailbox. If it isn't there, I look in the geranium bed underneath, where it probably has fallen. Written with the stub of a pencil on the back of an old envelope or on a jagged piece of brown wrapping paper, it usually runs something like this: "Key is under third flower pot from end."

I'll admit I used to think this was pretty silly. Surely a burglar could read the note as well as I, unless he was completely illiterate or had forgotten his glasses. I could see him sneering at us simpletons as he fished out the key and turned it in the lock. But I've learned that my wife's instructions to me are really quite safe. Observe that the note says "third flower pot from end." That would fool the burglar.

lar, all right. You see, it doesn't say which end. Furthermore, it doesn't explain that it's not actually the third flower pot but the fourth, because you don't count the end one. And one more thing — the note doesn't tell how far the key is under — whether under the flower pot itself, under the saucer in which the flower pot sits, or under the ledge that the flower pot and saucer are on.

But just suppose the burglar is a clever fellow, and manages to figure the thing out. Well, my wife is an extremely smart woman. Another thing her note doesn't tell is which key it is! Since it's hidden in front, any burglar would think it's the key to the front door, but it's every bit as likely to be the key to the back door, or to the garage. Imagine the burglar's embarrassment!

As a matter of fact, I think a burglar would waste a lot of valuable time with my wife's note. By the time he got back to his original plan of unscrewing the hinges or using his blowtorch, it would probably be too late to go ahead.

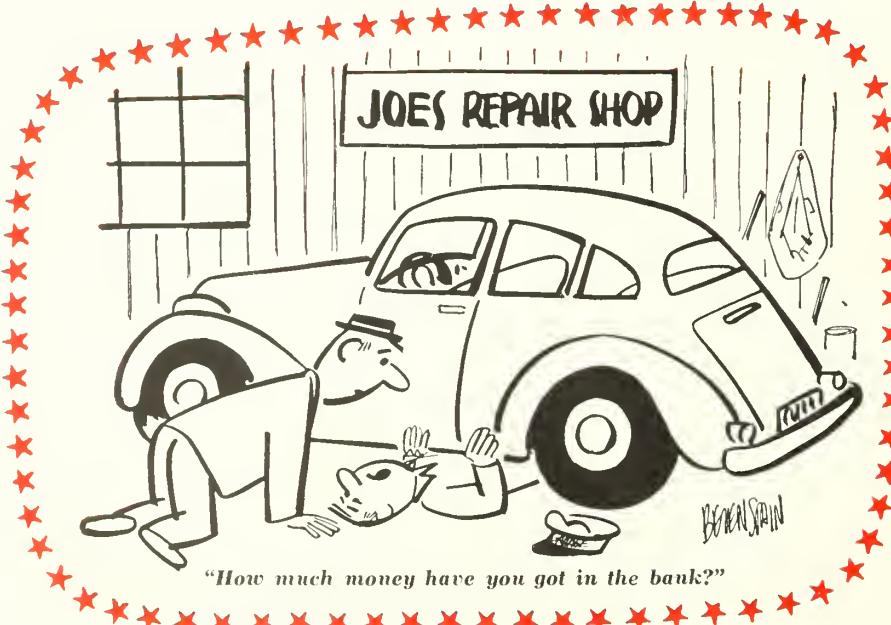
As for myself, I usually enter by the side door. That's the one my wife leaves open.

— BY RICHARD ARMOUR

BANK NOTE

Most banks will gladly grant a loan;
In fact, they often speed it;
The only thing that they require
Is proof that you don't need it.

— BY PHILIP LAZARUS



"How much money have you got in the bank?"

REVELATION

A youngster attending church for the first time was surprised to see the people around her kneel suddenly, and asked her mother the reason.

"Hush!" her mother whispered. "They're saying their prayers."

"What!" exclaimed the little girl. "With all their clothes on?"

— BY HENRY A. COURTNEY

HE'LL LEARN

No man is born
A woman-hater:
If he marries,
That comes later.

— BY SIDNEY R. BARON

LOOK IN THE FIELD MANUAL

The new recruits were a sad-looking bunch and the lieutenant and sergeant were obviously disappointed with what they saw. One rookie in particular, a tall, anemic youth, was a matter for much conjecture.

"Tell you what, Sergeant," said the lieutenant finally, "let him clean the rifles."

"Okay," agreed the sergeant wearily, "but who's gonna pull him through?"

— BY FRANCIS GERARD

GRASS

A lot of toil
It takes to grow it:
You till the soil
And then you sow it;
You water it well,
And before you know it,
It grows like hell,
And you have to mow it!

— BY BURGE BUZZELLE

THE LIMIT

In Birmingham, Alabama, they tell of an old fellow who used to make his wife keep a cash account. Each Saturday he would examine it, mumbling and grumbling to himself. On one such occasion, he summoned his wife:

"Look here, Pauline," he stormed, "this extravagance has got to stop!" He ran his finger down the column: "Headache powders, 15 cents; two teeth pulled, \$3.00; new cord for the electric iron, 75 cents. There's \$3.90 in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I'm made of money?"

— BY WEBB B. GARRISON

NOT SO FOND MEMORIES

I rose and gave her the seat,
I could not let her stand;
She made me think of my mother,
With the strap there in her hand.

— BY CHARLES V. MATHIS

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT"

A boy grows straight as a sapling tree,
If occasionally bent over father's knee!

— BY EMILY I. ALLEMAN

SCANTY SHANTY

In seeking a home
It rouses my wrath
When all I can find
Is two rooms and path.

— BY TOM HUNT

OFFICIAL POST CAPS



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Deluxe—Style No. 1 lettering—Post numerals on the right hand side, and state name in full on the left beneath the emblem. Extra fine quality lining, and wide genuine leather sweat band. Price... \$3.15

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*Two weeks required for delivery.
Specify size.*



Style No. 2 Lettering

Deluxe—Style No. 2 lettering—Post numerals on the right hand side, and the town name in full with state abbreviated on the left beneath the emblem. Extra fine quality lining and genuine leather sweat band. Price..... \$4.15

Standard—Style No. 2 lettering—Same as deluxe except furnished without lining, and less expensive sweat band. Price..... \$3.85

*Two weeks required for delivery.
No C.O.D. orders. Specify size.*



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Blue Tie..... .90 Gold Tie..... .90

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for STATE and NATIONAL CONVENTIONS



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